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The Financial Situation in Italy.

IN an interview with a representative of Reuter's Agency, some short time ago, the new Italian Premier is reported to have said: "Regarding the home policy, for the moment we have but one programme, that of economic recuperation. We desire the equilibrium of the Budget, and to attain it we shall display the same tenacity that has enabled us to surmount similar and greater difficulties. But we shall do this by retrenchments instead of taxation. The country believes, and we also firmly believe, that Italy's noblest ambition should be the re-establishment of good finances and the economic prosperity of the nation."

Naturally it gives much pleasure and gratification to every friend of once prosperous Italy to see that the spendthrift policy which has been indulged in for so many years will at length be put a stop to. So it is said, at least, and certainly there is no mistaking the sincerity of the intentions and resolutions of the new Italian Cabinet: for it is not a mere matter of expediency with them, it is a matter of imperative duty, it is the very price of their life. If they desire to escape an untimely death, they are bound to do something for the "economic recuperation" of Italy, and it is earnestly to be hoped the something they will do will prove effective, though in fact we need entertain no illusion as to the probable result. With an iron rod, Signor Crispi has driven his country to the verge of bankruptcy, and the wonder is that Italy has so meekly submitted, and has voted the slave-driver back to power again with so large a majority as the one he got at the last elections. For a foreigner acquainted with the figures of the Italian Budget and the financial situation of the country at large, it is hard to understand this phenomenon. None of the northern nations would have submitted so long and so patiently to seeing her deficit grow larger and larger every year, her foreign trade ruined, bankruptcy and famine at her door, waiting only for the coming out of the tax-

gatherer—all for the honour of an unproductive and unnecessary alliance with a greater Power. But, explain it as you may, this is what Italy has done. Signor Crispi alone, perhaps, could say with how many millions of deficit he has paid for the honour of being accounted the ally of Germany! But an end must come to all things, even to the faculty of contracting debts. Signor Crispi evidently felt the great crash coming, and he has been credited with precipitating the crisis which caused his downfall, in order to shift upon other shoulders the responsibility for his own wanton expenditure. Whether this be the correct explanation, I am not in a position to state, but the fact remains that, despite the change of Ministry, a crisis is well-nigh inevitable in the financial world of Italy. The Marquis di Rudini and his colleagues have an almost superhuman task before them, and it would scarcely surprise any one if they failed to carry out their "one programme of economic recuperation." Indeed, the contrary would be surprising. It is easy to talk soothing words, but as soon as you put the hand to the wound, be it even to apply the necessary remedy, the shock is painful, and to a country so exhausted as Italy, this very shock might bring about the last crisis, which will affect not only the financial world, but the political world as well. For Italy's financial condition has that peculiarity, that it has been wholly created by Italy's foreign policy. It is not my intention to appreciate here that policy; I intend merely to give a cursory sketch of the financial situation in Italy, which, under the present circumstances, might perhaps not be uninteresting.

I may remind my readers immediately, once for all, that in order to fully understand the meaning of the figures quoted below, it is absolutely necessary to remember that the income of an Italian amounts to about one-third of the income of a Frenchman or an Englishman. Accordingly, whenever an Italian item is compared with a French or an English one, in order to have a correct proportion you must multiply the French or English figure by three. I give this on the authority of an eminent Italian economist, Signor Matteo Pantaleoni. At all events, it is a well-known fact that in certain parts of Italy many labourers are glad to work for one *lira*, or 10d. a day.

When inquiring into the financial condition of any country, the first thing we naturally look to is the national debt. As to the aggregate amount of her national debt, Italy comes sixth

among the nations of Europe, the figures being for 1890 13,000 millions of francs, a charge of 400 francs per inhabitant. But of all countries it is to her that this burden is the heaviest to bear, as will be seen from the following proportion between the debt and capital of the principal countries of Europe. In Italy it is 38 per cent.; in France, 36 per cent.; Russia, 35 per cent.; Austria, 33 per cent.; England, 26 per cent.; Germany, 14 per cent. This calculation was made on the figures for 1888. According to Signor Luzzati, Chairman of the Budget Committee, "one-third of the revenue of the country goes to pay the interest on the debt, which interest amounts to 550 millions." This debt is practically a new creation, in fact it is only a few years old. It cannot be pleaded that it was caused by the wars of independence and the process of unification. In 1861, immediately after her constitution, Italy owed but 3,000 millions. In 1876, ten years after the acquisition of Venetia, six years after the conquest of Rome, the debt stood at 9,000 millions. In 1890, without any foreign war, without any domestic trouble, "without any cause whatever but the folly of those who were entrusted with the government of the country," as an Italian economist tersely puts it, it had swollen up to 13,000 millions.

Meanwhile, the private debt was more than keeping pace with the public one. In 1876, the mortgage debt on real property was 6,594 millions of francs; in 1886, 7,759 millions; in 1890, 8,220 millions, and in Italy more than anywhere else perhaps the land is daily losing its value.

Adding together the debts of the State, the provinces, the *communes*, and the individuals, we find that Italy is indebted over 22,000 millions. As a consequence, a rush is made at the money accumulated during better years, and the deposits in the Savings Banks and other institutions of that kind are being withdrawn with an amazing rapidity. On the 1st of December, 1887, these deposits amounted to 1,116 millions. Between the 31st of December, 1888, and the 30th of June, 1889, 212 millions, equal to the fifth part of the deposits, had been withdrawn. On the 1st of December, 1889, the amount in the banks was 917 millions—an absolute consumption of 199 millions in twenty-four months.

Side by side with the swelling up of the debt, and the impoverishment of the individuals, let us watch the rise of the Budget. The Budget asked for was: in 1869, 985 millions;

in 1879, 1,185 millions; in 1889-90 (June to June), 1,740 millions. The estimates for the year ending 30th June, 1890, were made up as follows :

Revenue (ordinary and extraordinary)...	1,562,600,000 francs.
Expenditure	1,637,200,000 „

Deficit.....	74,600,000 „
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But the real deficit was much larger, since the following items had not been included in the expenditure: debts falling due, 38,500,000 frs., construction of railways, 139,000,000 frs. The figures therefore really stood :

Revenue.....	1,562,600,000 francs.
Expenditure	1,814,500,000 „

Deficit.....	251,900,000 „
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Without taking into account the debts falling due and the vote for the construction of railways, the expenditure has increased between 1888 and 1890 by 511,200,000 frs., the figures being :

Expenditure for 1888.....	1,126,000,000 francs.
Expenditure for 1890.....	1,637,200,000 „

In the estimates for 1888-90, the Government asked for an augmentation of 62 millions on the previous Budget, and spent 66 millions more, but the estimates for the first half-year of 1890-91 are lower than those for the second half-year of 1889-90 by 11,794,404 frs. It is a step in the right direction at length, and the more so since this saving was mostly effected by cutting down the War Budget a little. The German is a hard and exacting ally—should we not say master?—and Italy is paying heavily indeed for the satisfaction of “playing grand,” a satisfaction which may flatter her national pride, but which deludes no one, which blinds no one, least of all her true friends, as to the nature of the “play.”

The War Budget, which is the primary cause of the present financial crisis, deserves a special mention. It is an instructive study by itself, and I regret very much space does not allow me to watch its growth year by year under the fostering influence of Berlin, and to examine it in all its details. Nevertheless, I hope that the following figures, which were given by Signor Magliani, ex-Minister of Finances, and Signor

Cavalotti, the Radical leader, and confirmed by the *Economista* of Florence, will enable my readers to form an opinion.

In 1879, 232 millions of francs were spent on the War Department, making the expenditure for war 19 per cent. of the total expenditure of the kingdom. In 1889, seven years after Italy had entered the Triple Alliance, the Budget had nearly trebled, the vote for that year being 565 millions, or 32 per cent. of the total expenditure. In 1890, it stood at 520 millions, a little falling off, doubtless, but which in no way conceals the supremely ridiculous extravagance of such an expenditure when compared with that, not of a country of Italy's size and status, but of Great Britain. In the same financial year, 1889-90, while Italy was spending 520 millions of francs on her army, the British Parliament voted for the Military Budget of Great Britain a sum equal to 434,325,000 francs, or in correct figures, £17,384,732. And in 1888-89, £16,553,611 as against the 565 millions of Italy! and both being peace Budgets! "Italy pays on an average, 1,500,000 francs per day for her army," mournfully remarked the *Messaggero*—the labourer's organ in Rome—last January, "while manufacturers are daily closing their doors, while the labourer can find no work, while the country is barren, and the population starving."

Of the other items worthy of note in the Italian Budget, the first is the expenditure for the colonies and the colonial policy. It is admitted on all hands—except by the Italians themselves, of course—that Italy's colonial policy has been, up to the present, at least, an egregious failure, both financially and politically. This result was not unexpected, and when the colonization scheme was inaugurated, many a warning voice was heard, in the Chamber, and on the public platforms, and through the Press, but it was but another instance of the voice crying in the wilderness. One cannot be a great power nowadays, it seems, without *civilizing* some portion of the Dark Continent. Accordingly, our postulant to greatness conquered Massauah and Assab at a cost of 108 millions, without taking into account how many millions have since been spent in order to keep them. The conquered lands have yielded nothing, and some shrewd observers suspect that they will be many years swallowing up Italian millions without yielding anything at all, since, in order to render them productive, a primitive outlay would be needed, which Italy in her present exhausted condition

cannot afford to pay. However, an attempt at effective colonization was made, and the colony of "Erythrea" was established. Here is its balance sheet for the year 1890:

Revenue.....	1,343,000 francs.
Expenditure	2,960,000 „
Deficit.....	1,617,000 „

Of course these millions by themselves are of but small account, and to a richer country they would be a very light burden, but taking them together with the annual deficit and the economical condition of the kingdom, well may people say that they had better be spent among the starving populations of Sardinia. Members of Parliament are not paid, but the *liste civile* is considered very high, necessitating a yearly outlay of 17,250,000 frs. The French *liste civile* is but 13,640,179 frs. The annual vote for education reaches now 235 millions, but it is said too many of those millions go to defray official expenses and to pay the salaries of people who have really nothing to do, and accordingly whose services might advantageously be dispensed with. But it is not only in Italy educational officials indulge in the *dolce far niente* and get paid fat salaries for their trouble! In 1889, 45 per cent. of the "conscripts" could not read, and it is computed that at least 62 per cent. of the whole population can neither read nor write. In Italy! But also, we must remember that, as the Chairman of the Budget Committee reminded his hearers in the Report quoted above, "the votes for the administration of justice, the postal and telegraph services, foreign affairs, home department, public works, agriculture, industry, commerce, and education are *four times less* than those for war, the debt, and the revenue."

According to Signor Perazzi, the Minister of Finances, the amount of the shortcomings for 1889 was 461 millions, and a well-known deputy and economist, Signor Gianpietro, Chairman of the Committee on Contracts, has declared that the aggregate amount of the shortcomings for the last three years is certainly not less than 1,000 millions.

However incredible that may seem to those who are acquainted with her present condition, Italy has known prosperity, and that not yet a decade ago. But it was before she had the happiness of basking in the sunshine of the German

Empire! I take leave to quote some figures which are not without interest. The Budget presented,

In 1876, a surplus of 20,446,073 frs.

1877,	"	22,922,917
1879,	"	42,214,046
1881,	"	51,369,223
1882,	"	52,315,000

In 1882, Italy entered the Triple Alliance; in 1890, she had a deficit of 251,900,000. The Italians have called the year 1882 *l'anno d'oro*, and it is with a sigh which they can very seldom suppress that they speak of the happy days gone by. And indeed no one will blame them for that, for, as their great poet has said:

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

But they must not forget that they have been, and that they are still, the artisans of their own misery.

But to my mind the most striking illustration of the real state of Italy is found in taxation. It is a well-known fact that Italy is the most heavily taxed country in the world, but probably few people in England and America are aware of the crushing weight of this taxation and of the hardships it involves to the poorer classes, who are as ever, more than ever, the greatest sufferers, since the fisc levies a contribution on all the necessities of life. Comparing the taxation of the three Powers which form the Triple Alliance, we find that, in Italy, it is equal to 40 frs. per inhabitant; in Austria, to 31.50 frs.; in Prussia, to 28 frs. It is true that in France the taxation is equal to 67 frs. per inhabitant, and in England to about 50 frs. or £2, but we must not forget, as I have pointed out before, that the income of a Frenchman is equal to at least three times that of an Italian, and therefore that, in order to tax a Frenchman as heavily as an Italian, he should have to pay 120 frs.

Let us see how the system works in practice; and for that we can find no better illustration than the following account of an average respectable artisan family of four persons, living in Florence in 1890, which account was sent to the *Journal des Economistes* by Signor Vilfredo Pareto, its Italian correspondent. I shall notice only what regards taxation. The aggregate

yearly earnings of the family amount to 2,380 frs., or about £95 10s. They pay 400 frs. house rent, but as they are "exceedingly economical people," as Signor Pareto puts it, they take lodgers, who pay them 150 frs., the house rent, as a matter of fact, cutting down the earnings by 250 frs. only. Here are the taxes those people have to pay :

Direct taxation :

Tax on moveable property.....	134.40 frs.
Repartition	11.20
Tax called "family tax".....	5.74
Tax on the house rent.....	70.67

Total.....222.01

Indirect taxation :

Bread and bread stuff.....	93.84 frs.
Meat	32.94
Wine	40.50
Oil	6.60
Eggs.....	4.88
Milk.....	3.60
Butter	4.44
Vegetables and fruits	8.80
Cheese.....	3.60
Coal.....	6.30
Rice.....	10.06
Coffee	10.29
Sugar	36.20
Petroleum	23.35
Candles	5.52
Soap.....	0.54
Salt	11.11
China and earthenware	4.00
Clothing	37.05

Total.....343.62

making for taxation, direct and indirect, 565.63 frs. Of course it will be seen that the list includes only the indispensable articles ; any one smacking of luxury has been strictly excluded. The expenses of living amount to 1,880.90 frs. ; adding 73 frs. for washing, tailoring, &c., the expenditure is 1,953.90 frs. Adding the direct taxation, which of course has to be paid by itself, it tots up to 2,175.91 frs. Signor Pareto calculates that the average total expenditure of our family is close on 2,355 frs.,

without medical attendance, and that the taxes, direct and indirect, amount to 23.9 per cent. of the expenditure, while in England they are but 4.4 per cent. He remarks that the amount of taxes paid by an English family similarly circumstanced would be 87.05 frs., or £3 7s. 6½*d.* sterling, as against the 565.63 frs., or £22 13s. paid by the Italian. On one kilogram of sugar at 1.50 frs., 0.90 centimes, more than the half, go to the fisc!

We read in the Report of the Agrarian Commission (1890): "On a revenue of 1,000 millions, agricultural Italy pays 300 millions in direct taxation, without taking into account the taxes on salt, cattle, and the indirect taxes."

The "denunciation" of the commercial treaties between France and Italy by Signor Depretis, and their subsequent breaking up by Signor Crispi, has struck a heavy blow, for the present at least, to the Italian foreign trade. Italy has lost the French markets to please the Berlin "friend," and, as was to be expected, the Berlin "friend" has provided her with new markets nowhere else. The result is that the Italian commerce has lost, both in exports and imports, over 318 millions during the four years 1884—1888. In 1884 the exports amounted to 1,066 millions and the imports to 1,318 millions. In 1886, the figures stood: exports, 1,053 millions; imports, 1,379 millions. In 1888: exports, 892 millions; imports, 1,174 millions. In 1889: exports, 950 millions; imports, 1,390 millions. For the first nine months of 1890: exports, 618 millions; imports, 984 millions—or an aggregate loss of 81 millions on the previous year. One fourth of Italy's foreign trade was done exclusively with France. In 1882 the exchanges with France amounted to 461 millions: in 1889 they had dwindled down to 180 millions! Well may the Marquis di Rudini say that his "task is to definitely remove all misunderstandings and establish a current of complete confidence between France and Italy"! The figures of the Italian wine-trade are peculiarly striking. In 1888, Italy exported wine to the amount of 1,030,471 frs. In 1889, for 573,110 frs. In 1890, for 278,263 frs.! Italy's commerce is actually inferior to that of Belgium and Holland.

Consequently, the Bankruptcy Courts at home have more work than they can possibly do. In 1879 there were 700 bankrupts; in 1886, 1,281; in 1887, 1,608; in 1888–89, 4,400. Shops and manufactures are closing daily in Naples and Milan; insolvent

companies are winding up by the hundreds, nay, by the thousands, everywhere through the country, and those which are not ruined by the falling off in the foreign trade and the increasing poverty at home, are obliged to abandon the field, hunted away by the taxation fiend!

Agriculture, this other of the "nation's breasts," as Sully used to call agriculture and commerce, is also drying up, slowly but surely, under the pressure of the tax-gatherer, the neglect of the Government, and the sickening influence of its surroundings. In 1882, Italy produced 51 million hectolitres of wheat; in 1888, 37 million. During the four years 1879—1883, corn yielded 27,785,709 francs. During the four years 1884—1888, 26,726,300 francs. During the four years 1879—1883, rice yielded 7,316,482 francs. During the four years 1884—1888, 6,291,933 francs. In France, cultivated land yields 400 francs per hectare; in England, 500; in Belgium, 600; in Italy, 200. In sunny Italy, the uncultivated lands are 19·3 per cent., the highest percentage in Europe after England and Holland, the countries of fog and dampness. According to a special report issued last year, in 4,774 *communes*, only the well-to-do families can afford to eat meat. In 3,638, beef is never used. In Sardinia, people eat a kind of paste made with ground acorn, since they have no wheat out of which to make bread.

Accordingly, the sons of Italy, like the sons of Ireland, are flying away to strange lands, and seeking in the pampas of Brazil, in the busy streets of New York, or in the sands of Africa, those means of living which are denied them at home. In December, 1890, Signor Brunialti, in a remarkable article in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, on the "Italians Abroad," estimated the number of Italian emigrants then living in the two Americas at 1,100,000. In 1879, 119,821 inhabitants left the country; in 1888, 290,736; in 1889, 218,412. The falling off in 1889 is attributed to the bad news received from Argentina and the South American Republics, where the Italians prefer to emigrate. It is said that the number has greatly increased in 1890, but I was unable to ascertain the figures. At all events, the cry is, "Still they go!" and the draining process continues by which Italy loses her population along with her wealth and her happiness.

On Monday, the 2nd of March, Signor Luzzati, who is Minister of Finances in the new Ministry, made a statement to the Chamber to the effect that he could but realize a saving of 35 millions—£1,400,000 sterling—and that this was insufficient, because of the steady decline in the revenue from taxation. It had been confidently expected that an economy of at least fifty millions could be realized, and the Minister's announcement created bitter disappointment. A proposal to cut down the King's Civil List by a few millions raised a storm, and the House had to adjourn without coming to any decision, the Ministers practically confessing they were at their wit's end. I wish I were mistaken, but it is quite on the cards that we might witness another Italian crisis within a short time.

Will bankruptcy and famine staring them in the face open at length the eyes of the Italians and induce them to mend their ways? They recognize that they are ruined; they cannot but see that their policy has ruined them; and yet, with a mad tenacity, they cling to that policy, and to it they will cling till Germany, for whose sake they have bled themselves to death, shall repay their devotion by breaking up an alliance which she finds no longer profitable.

It was a fatal hour for Italy when Signor Depretis played into the hands of Prince Bismarck and entered the Triple Alliance. *Le moyen d'avoir raison dans l'avenir*, as Renan truly said, *c'est à certaines heures de savoir se résigner à être démodé*. The young Italian Kingdom could not bear for one moment being old-fashioned: it sought alliances in high places; it armed "for preserving the peace of Europe;" it played the potentate in Africa at a yearly expense of from thirteen to twenty-five millions; it allowed a free hand to Signor Crispi and his high-falutin' policy; it ran to the abyss with a light heart and a beaming countenance—believing it was fashionable. Italy has been the victim of her own vanity. And to-day, with an annual deficit of over 250 millions, with her trade ruined, her credit shaken to its very foundations, she is painfully dragging herself along, an object of pity and amazement to the other nations when not the butt of their jeers. Can the good intentions and the soothing words of the Marquis di Rudini, can even an economy of 50 millions—which the Minister of Finances has just confessed himself unable to effect—leaving still a deficit of over 200 millions, avert the crash of doom? They may

postpone it for a few years perhaps, but it is very seldom that the protruding roots of a fallen tree or the rocks by the hillside are the salvation of the unfortunate rolling down into the abyss.

For those who see in history something more than the record of a mere game of chance, for those who believe in a Providence watching over the destinies of nations as well as of individuals, in a Supreme Justice meting out to every one his due, the present position of Italy cannot be meaningless. The Catholic world, remembering the sacrileges of twenty and thirty years ago and the studied insults to the Prisoner of the Vatican, knew that the day of reckoning would come, but in truth they hardly expected it would come so soon. At the sight of this signal self-inflicted punishment, well might they say, *Digitus Dei hic est!*

J. A. G. COLCLOUGH.

The Jesuit Missions in Bengal.

THE wonderful success of the Missions of the Belgian Jesuits in Bengal has recently been attracting considerable attention, and recalls to our minds the days of the great Apostle of the Indies. The pages of the *Précis Historiques* have contained most interesting accounts of the Fathers engaged in the mission. I propose to endeavour to place before the readers of THE MONTH, some account of the local progress, and results of the movement, which has caused this enthusiasm, adding such observations of my own, as a knowledge of the country may suggest either as appropriate, or helpful in matters requiring explanation.

I may commence by stating that when I was in India, some sixteen years ago, such an expansion of Christianity as has recently taken place, would have been thought most unlikely, and the suggestion of a Divine interposition, if made, would in all probability have been received with derision. At the period mentioned, viz., that of the famine in Bengal, circumstances brought me into close relations with the governing class in that province, and I was then privileged to hear the subject of Christian missions in India frequently discussed. Speaking generally, and passing over any references to the time of the early Church, the opinion most frequently expressed was that, with the exception of the converts to Catholicism, in the Portuguese settlements, in the Carnatic, and in Madura, who had responded to the voice of St. Francis Xavier and his followers, there had been no conspicuous movement of the native races towards Christianity up to that time; while the younger men more or less openly ridiculed the want of success of some of the agents of the Protestant societies. In making such a statement, I have no desire to forget that amongst the older members of the Civil Service there was a national reverence for such names as those of Dr. Duff, or the well-known Baptists, Carey and Marshman,

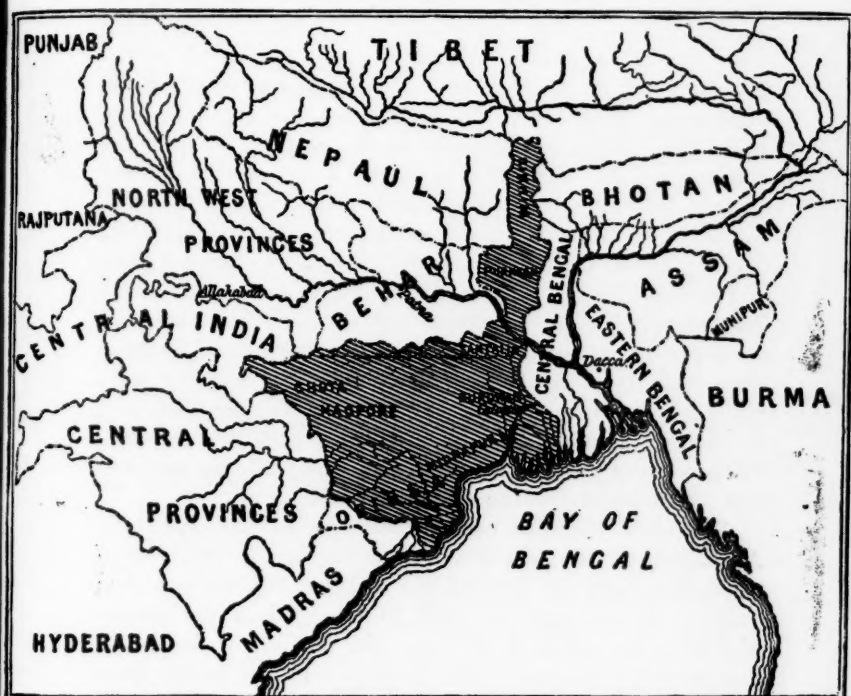
but the juniors (occasionally perhaps with some agnostic tendencies) preferred to talk rather of the failure of these missionaries in their own districts, and to tell how some of them, especially foreigners, from sheer *ennui* at having nothing to do, had found a little occupation in tea-planting and other secular pursuits. These experiences were not greatly in disagreement with my own, which previous to that time had been in the Punjaub, where I had observed that the great attractions to the Church of England mission stations were the money and other valuables that were there distributed. I am recording this simply as matter of history, and without the slightest prejudice against individuals, many of whom I admired as scholars and zealous workers according to their views, and perhaps it is further only right that I should add a personal opinion to the effect that, with such a material people as the natives of India, a certain amount of this seeking after the things of this world is inseparable from the initial stage of any religious movement among them.

I have deemed the foregoing remarks necessary in regard to my position, and now beg to address myself to our immediate subject, and firstly, I shall try and define the geographical expression, "Western Bengal."

This seems to be necessary, inasmuch as it is used by the Fathers in the sense of their diocese, and the latter does not conform to any of the official or governmental divisions of the country. We shall probably arrive at it best in this way, with the aid of the accompanying sketch-map. If we take for our starting-point the home province under the Lieutenant-Governor at Calcutta, it is divisible into Eastern Bengal, or the districts abutting on the lower reaches of the Brahmapootra, and extending westward to its junction with the main stream of the Ganges, Central Bengal extending from the Soonderbuns, or wooded swamps at the oral streams of the latter, to the Bhootan Himalayah, and Western Bengal, which may be roughly defined as the country west of the Hooghli,¹ and extending for hundreds of miles, under the name of Chota Nagpore, to the line where this district joins the Central Provinces, and the native state of Rewah, in Central India.

¹ The Hooghli is regarded as having been at one time the principal mouth of the Ganges. Now it is what may be called the largest defluent, and in some respects a separate river.

Now we may at once dispose of the first two divisions, as they are separate Catholic dioceses, administered respectively by the suffragan Bishops of Dacca and Kishnagur.¹ There remains the archdiocese of Calcutta, which corresponds to what the Fathers call "Western Bengal," and this is much complicated geographically, as it includes the following districts and



provinces, viz., the metropolitan area, the province of Orissa, the districts of Midnapur, Chota Nagpore, Burdwan, Santalia Purneah, and British Sikkim in the Himalayahs.

It has only quite recently been delimited, but as this followed on events of the greatest importance to the Church in India, we would fain hope that a reference to these latter, in their bearing on the mission, may be acceptable here. Most of my readers are aware that until the year 1887, the right of ecclesiastical patronage in that country rested in the Crown of

¹ The clergy of these dioceses belong, we believe we are correct in stating, to the Italian Foreign Mission of Milan.

Portugal, through the parent Church of Goa, and constituted what was known as the Indo-Lusitanian schism. This, especially after the great expansion of British power, was felt to be an anachronism, and unsatisfactory, not only to the Imperial and Indian Governments, but to that of the Sovereign Pontiff as well, and also to the Bishops. Conventions, with a view to its termination, have been going on more or less during the present century. The Government of Lisbon, however, were not disposed to give a satisfactory reply in regard to the original Papal grant, and there was no complete result of the negotiations until 1887. In that year Mgr. Agliardi, who, as Pontifical Delegate, had previously investigated the question, returned to India, with authority to hold synods, for the purpose of delimiting the territorial sees and of determining the jurisdiction of the Bishops. Three of these Synods were held, viz., one in Ceylon, January 6th, one at Bangalore, January 25th, and one for Upper India, at Allahabad, February 24th, 1887. We are only specially concerned with the latter, but it may not be inopportune nevertheless to state that the general results—since ratified by the Holy Father—were, that separate archbishoprics were established at Colombo, Verapoly, Madras, Pondicherry, Bombay, Calcutta, and Agra; that all were made independent of the original Church of Goa, while the holder of that see retains precedence as Patriarch of the East.

We shall therefore confine ourselves to the Synod of Allahabad, as the Calcutta archdiocese, a convertible term territorially with the area of the Belgian Mission, was then defined. The change consisted in taking from the diocese of Allahabad—suffragan to Agra—the districts of the Santal Pergunnahs, of Purneah, and of Darjeeling, and adding them to the Calcutta Metropolitan; and the reason for this is easily apparent, to any one who is acquainted with India, inasmuch as the people of the first two are ethnologically allied to those of the lower provinces, and Darjeeling, while providing a needful sanatorium for those of the Fathers whose health may have suffered in unhealthy districts, will doubtless in time form the centre of a new mission to the Buddhist races who inhabit that part of the Himalayahs.

The area of the Jesuit mission covers one hundred thousand square miles and bears a varied population of twenty-six millions of people. We have now to see how these truly enormous countries are being overspread by the institutions

of the Church, and gradually brought under Catholic influence by the incredible labours of the Fathers.

The origin of the mission, speaking generally, dates from the year 1860, when the Belgian Jesuits, under the orders of the Propaganda, established the College of St. Francis Xavier in Calcutta. It would be unnecessary were we writing in India, to make further reference to this well-known institution, but we may add for the benefit of Western readers, that it has an unrivalled teaching reputation, and that its *alumni* invariably head the list at the entrance examinations of the local University.

In addition, however, to the Fathers employed in school work, others were gradually introduced into the churches of the capital as they fell vacant, and in the course of time all churches came to be served by members of the Order; though we do not wish to refer to these changes as specially missionary, as there has been a Catholic population in Calcutta from the earliest period of European settlements on the Hooghli.

When, however, the missionaries were in possession of what, for want of a better expression, we may call a secure foothold in the metropolis, they commenced to turn their attention to the interior; and first to the district between Calcutta and the mouth of the river. The founder of this mission was Father Adrien Goffinet, who, beginning in 1868, continued to labour in this veritable fever-den for many years. Passing from village to village, he lived the primitive life of the natives, partaking the same simple food, and even working his little boat with his own hands; but his example and his preaching did not fail to attract disciples, and in time the altars, frequently erected by him under trees, and in the open air, were approached by worshippers converted to Catholicism. He then ventured to build a hut, and in time a little church and a school followed, and a recognized station was established at a remote spot in the Soonderbuns, named Boshunti, still affectionately written of by the Fathers as the cradle of this the first division of the mission. The time had now come for him to be joined by fellow-labourers, and from 1873, the work began to advance more rapidly and to become organized; experience had taught the Fathers more about the salubrity and possibilities of the country in a missionary sense, and a large and a central station was founded at Moropai. As congregations were

prepared and formed, other stations were established, and already in 1888, in addition to the foregoing, there were churches and schools and resident clergy at Rajabpur, and Mogra, with smaller centres of Catholics, visited regularly by the missionaries at Banspalla, Dhangota, Luckikantipur, Chowketolla, Ishuripur, Boshunti, and other places, the enumeration of which might be wearying to English readers.

If we now pass westwards, from the scene of the early labours of Father Goffinet, and cross the mouth of the Hooghli, we find ourselves in the district of Midnapur, or the second area into which the mission is divided. The Fathers early visited the capital, which takes the name of the district, and in their accustomed way established a station, but apparently in this particular place their labours have not had the same success with which elsewhere they have been generally uniformly rewarded, perhaps on account of a well-equipped Protestant mission having been established there for many years. In a town not very far removed, however, named Jhargram, it has been otherwise, and Father Knockaert writes enthusiastically of his converts amongst the "Haris," a poor, and from the orthodox Hindoo point of view, an outcast class of people. There is also a principal station at Kristopur, about nine miles east of the chief town, and eight minor ones in addition, which are visited periodically by the missionaries or as urgent occasion may demand.

South of Midnapur is the province of Orissa, and the next of the missionary divisions of the diocese. As it is very little known, however, even to the average European official in India, perhaps a word about it may not be inopportune. It consists of two parts, a low and swampy one, forming the litoral of the west side of the Bay of Bengal, and an inland hilly or mountainous part, inhabited by semi-independent chieftains and their followers, and known as the tributary states (Mehals). The two parts differ also essentially, as regards the people, those of the low country being Aryan and Hindoo, while those of the hill districts belong to the aboriginal races, having too, a more primitive mythology. We shall have occasion by and bye to say something about this point, in its bearing on the spread of Catholicism, but meanwhile we must hasten back to the path of the missionaries.

The first station was established at Balasore, the second most important town in the British part of the province, and

situated in the north, and not far from the coast. There was a small nucleus of Catholics here from the days even of the factory establishments of the East India Company, but the expansion of this in the missionary sense of our essay, is connected with the name of the venerable Father Saapart, who appears to have enjoyed the reputation of a saint from his labours in the district. The next station was established at Daiga, near the frontier of the tributary state of Morbhung, and soon another at Baripada, the capital of the latter, while a third, which has since become more important, was founded at Khrisnochondropur; and other smaller ones have been added at short surrounding distances. When, however, we pass out of the Balasore district towards the south, we are in the veritable "terre sainte" of the Hindoos, the land of Vishnôu and of Siva, and if the missionaries have not yet carried their doctrinal teaching there, the fact will surprise no one who has the least knowledge of India. Religion is the staple of the district, and the people are in the possession of large endowments, which are constantly being increased by the offerings of devotees, who come thither on pilgrimages from remote parts of the peninsula. The temples erected in the lower part of this district to the above-mentioned deities of the Hindoo pantheon, especially to Vishnôu, are to be counted, not by hundreds, but by thousands, and although many of them are in ruins, the work of the iconoclasm of the Mohammedans during their period of ascendancy, there still remains the important one of Juggernath,¹ which is visited yearly by half a million of pilgrims, to whom it stands as does the Kaaba at Mecca to the orthodox of Islam.

Passing now from the British or seaboard part of the district, inland to the hill states, or "tributary mehals," there appears to be a more hopeful field for the labours of the missionaries. They have a good many stations in the most northern of them, viz., in Morbhung, and doubtless others will soon follow in the similar states of Keonjhar, Talcher, Dhenkenal, &c. The people of these states are what is termed aboriginal, in contradistinction to the Aryans or Hindoos, and may perhaps from this point of view be best considered with the cognate tribes of Chota Nagpore, the next and most important field of the mission.

We shall have something to say by and bye in regard to the

¹ Said to have been spared on account of the enormous revenues they drew from it.

greater desire of the aboriginal tribes to embrace the doctrines of Catholicism, but in the meantime we think it may be useful to our understanding the subject, if we allude briefly to the origin of these races.

If we take ourselves back to the pre-Aryan period in Hindostan, we shall find that a race was then established in agriculture and social organization, on the great plains of the Ganges, in Upper India, and in the south country, or, as it is more commonly called, the table-land of the "Deccan." The next step will be to accompany in imagination, the march of the Aryan hordes from Central Asia, through the passes in the Himalayahs, and to see them spread over the two northern of the plains we have mentioned. Meanwhile another section had passed southwards through the openings in the mid-Indian mountains to the Deccan, which they equally overspread and conquered.

The original people were crushed down, and two alternatives are assumed to have remained to them, viz., to become helots or to depart. A number of the lower classes are thought to have accepted the former, and ethnologists recognize amongst the dependents of the upper Hindoo, or Aryan families, in such classes as "sweepers," "doms," "showmen," and "musicians," there regarded as outcasts, the descendants of the aborigines, and notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries still racially distinguishable. The independent, however, and those who had held position in the social organization, preferred removal, and migrated; in the south, to the Nilghiris and their subsidiary spurs, and to the southern spurs of the Vindhians and the Sâtpooras; while from the Gangetic plains they went eastwards to the low ranges of the *embouchure* of the Brahmapootra, and southerly and south-westerly to the northern face of the before-mentioned ranges which stretch across India from Bombay to the Bay of Bengal. There they have since remained, during centuries of Hindoo ascendancy, the periods of Mohammedan domination and Mahratta raiding, and since the establishment of British power, and owing in some degree perhaps to their isolation, preserving their languages, their distinctive customs, and what is more important from the missionary point of view, remaining outside the religious system of the Brahmans. Three principal divisions of them are recognized, viz., the Dravidian, or those who moved originally from the

south, the Kolharian, or those who left the Gangetic plains of Behar for Chota Nagpore, and the "Koch," or Kiranti, who moved from North-East Bengal. The Fathers have to do with parts of all three divisions, but we wish now to fix our attention on the second, or shortly, upon the "Koles," the generic name for the people inhabiting Chota Nagpore, the division which we have to describe.

And first, a word about the country of this most interesting people. Instead of being an alluvial plain like Bengal, it is an upland watershed, and rivers flow north and east from it to the Ganges; while from the south-east the Subanreka, the Baite-rani, and the Bramanhi, rivers of magnitude even in those lands of waters, reach the Bay of Bengal either separately or by the parent stream of the Mahanuddi. The higher hills and plateaux are covered for the most part with primeval forests, the haunts of tigers, bison, and other large game, while the lower hillsides and valleys are cultivated with the coarser grains, such as millets and rice.

The people may be described as semi-agricultural, and semi-savage in the sense that the more backward of the tribes are deeply skilled in all that relates to life in the forests, from which they collect fruits, gums, dye stuffs, raw or tusser silk, and the horns and skins of wild animals. In connection with the mode of hunting the latter, and as giving an idea of their backwardness, it may be mentioned that they are invariably armed with the bow and arrows.

Their social organization is tribal, the unit being the village community, the offices in which are generally hereditary. They are sociable, some of the tribes even fond of dancing and merry-making, but all are adverse to strangers, whom they regard with contempt; and yet when their confidence is once gained they are capable of firm friendship, and great devotion to their rulers; and the late Colonel Dalton,¹ who bore the title of the "King of the Koles," enjoyed much more of their affectionate regard, than might seem to be implied by the soubriquet. Their religion consists of a primitive nature worship directed to trees, rivers, and mountains, with a superadded deism, the entities of which are regarded as harmless, or well-intentioned, and an obverse and wicked demonology. Every reverse of fortune, whether personal or material, is ascribed to the active agents of the latter; with the consequence that

¹ Commissioner and author of the *Ethnology of Bengal*.

they have to be perpetually appeased by sacrifices ; the latter extending from vegetable products, through the range of domestic animals, and before the era of British law including man himself.

Before we take up the path and labours of the missionaries amongst the "Koles," we wish to mention another circumstance which the Fathers regarded as having had a considerable bearing thereupon. We emphasized just now the fact the original people had remained outside the cult of Brahmanism, but we have next to show how, unfortunately for them, they were not destined always to remain free from other influences of the Hindoos. Previous to British rule, the Hindoos had no stomach for the remote valleys and jungles where the aborigines were eking out a scanty subsistence, but no sooner had our engineers opened out the country, and a commensurate prosperity had been vouchsafed to the tribal people, than they were invaded by bankers and other commercial classes from Patna and Bengal. They were rigidly exploited by the latter, who by the combined processes of money-lending and mortgages, under the newly-found protection of British law, soon acquired the real estate of a great part of the country. The simple people not quite understanding at first the nature of bonds, and valuing independence above all other possessions, endeavoured to resume their lands by force, but these partial risings had to be suppressed ; and then they sank into tenantry, or engaged in law proceedings, which appear generally to have been disastrous for them. The missionaries, however, report that since their advent there has been a change for the better, and that they have frequently been able so to advise them in their contests in the courts, that they have been successful in establishing their titles to possession ; and the Fathers, no doubt rightly, claim that thereby they have gained their respect and attachment.

This process of land absorption, which we have endeavoured to describe, has been most active in the districts of Hazaribagh and Manbhum, which are nearest to Patna and Bengal, and consequently the people there are less aboriginal and more Hindoo, whereas in the western subdivisions of Singhbhum and Lohardugga, and in the tributary states, they belong almost purely to the primary stock, and here it is observable that the work of the mission has made the greater progress.

The first Catholic station was established at Chiebassa, the capital of Singhbhum. It was probably reached, more or less accidentally, from Midnapur, and Father Stockman, who appears to have been the pioneer, preached there in 1869. He was obliged to leave, however, after a few years' work, on account of his health, and this, which is the cradle of the mission to the "Koles," has only been continuously administered since 1880; and we are noting the fact particularly with reference to the progress which has since been made. In the year last mentioned the Fathers, feeling assured of success, commenced work on an extended scale, and a number of the Order came out from Belgium to their assistance. One division, with Father Mullender, carried the work into Lohardugga, and the other continued in Singhbhum, and in 1888, the year that marks the most phenomenal success of the mission, they had literally covered both districts with a network of Catholic stations. It would probably weary our readers, if we were to follow them in their arduous labours from one vantage-ground to another, and shall therefore be contented to give the names of the important places, where they have churches, schools, and resident clergy, and places of instruction for the native catechists, who, we may observe, assist materially in the work of the mission. They are as follows, Chiebassa, Bundgaon, Torpa, Bassia, Tetara, Palkot, Dorma, Khunti, Ranchi (the capital of the entire province, and now the head-quarters of the mission), Digghia, and Lohardugga; and in addition to these there are many others, subordinate to them, which are visited periodically for services and as occasion may demand, but the names of which perhaps are not sufficiently interesting to warrant a reproduction of them here.

In the two eastern divisions of the district, as already mentioned, there are not yet many Catholic congregations, but we must not omit mention, nevertheless, of Hazaribagh. This used to be a military station of some importance, and has some Catholic institutions, including a convent.

Between Chota Nagpore, and the Hooghli and Ganges, there still remain for description the two districts of Burdwan and the Santal Pergunnahs, now more generally written Santalia, and both of which confer corresponding names on the two next divisions of the mission. Burdwan is a very important Bengal district, with an immense population—seven millions—concentrated for the greater part in the rich lands

of the river valley, and these consist mainly of Hindoos. On the western, and still more so on the north-western side, the aspect changes, more or less, into the character of the Chota Nagpore uplands, and the population becomes more scattered and much more aboriginal. In the river division beyond the old stations on the Hooghli, which to a great extent are also metropolitan, and one at Burdwan itself, there has been no great expansion of the mission's influence, but in the upland country there is an important station at Assansol, and another at Raneegunge, the centre of the coal-mining industry of Bengal.

Immediately north of Burdwan is the country of the Santals. Its physical aspect partakes generally of that of Chota Nagpore, and the people, while having minor differences of language and physiognomy, and being more nomadic, belong to the same aboriginal stock as the "Koles." They have long furnished material for the teaching of the Indian agents, of the Gospel societies, and especially for the German Lutherans, who have been living amongst them since 1845; but as the Belgian Fathers have only quite recently taken charge of the mission there, that is to say, since the Allahabad Synod, there has not yet been time for more than the steps necessary for its foundation.

North of the Santal country and on the other side of the Ganges, is the district of Purneah, recently, as before mentioned, added to the metropolitan diocese, and constituting the next division of the mission. It has some peculiarities in regard to its people, and these seem to be determined by the course of the "Mahananda," which flows through it from north-west to south-east. West of the river the people are Bengalis, with a large mixture, however, of Santals and other aborigines from across the Ganges, whereas those on the east side, and extending up to the foot of the hills, have been identified as "Kochs," or Kiranti, of which the parent stem is found in the "Garos" and other mountains abutting on the lower ranges of the Brahmapootra. The Fathers have their chief station at the capital, which has the same name as the district, where there has been for some years a small Catholic congregation, but in regard to the more remote parts, the work of the mission is as yet necessarily only in the early stages.

I wish next to emphasize the recent and signal successes of the mission, by a table showing the increasing number of

conversions and baptisms, but before doing so it may be well to give some account of the difficulties by which this infant propaganda is surrounded. A complete one could properly be given only by the Fathers themselves, but under the following headings we think perhaps to indicate the more important of them, viz., (1) difficulties of neo-residence and acclimatization; (2) difficulties of language; (3) those arising from the necessity of learning Indo-British law, and the unwritten laws and customs of the people; (4) those arising from other missionary religions; (5) those of finance.

The new arrival in any country must necessarily be at a great disadvantage, and although this is minimized in India in the case of servants of the Government, merchants, and members of the great industries, such as tea and indigo, who at once become part of the ruling caste, and endowed with its traditions, it is obvious that the Fathers, who are foreigners and whose business as well is foreign to the general policy of the Government, must remain on the outside of this circle of privilege and prestige. No doubt in time they find a partial lodgment within it, but in their upward course to that position, and especially in the remote districts, they undergo a good deal from inexperience, and the position has been accentuated by the fact that their oldest members have only comparatively recently come to the country.

Difficulties from climate are of course inseparable from tropical missions, and the fact doubtless is cheerfully accepted by all those who may be specially called to labour in them, but nevertheless the lot of such as may find themselves, say in the district of the Soonderbuns, is one calling for the sympathy and commiseration of Catholics dwelling in more favoured lands. I have some knowledge of this locality, and know how eloquently if silently its monuments testify to the number of the youth of this country who have fallen victims to the deadly malaria which there obtains, and the missionaries, be it remembered, having the same European constitutions, enjoy no immunity beyond what follows from their office and the prudent habit of their lives. There is also great exposure in travelling, by reason of the little skiffs with which it is necessary to navigate the small streams which connect the villages, and although tigers are less numerous than they were some years ago, still there is always present to the traveller the fear that he may be a victim.

There are the same dangers to be encountered in Orissa and Chota Nagpore, no doubt in a somewhat lessened degree, but in connection with these provinces we would indicate as pressing more severely upon the Fathers, the difficulties of languages, and those arising from the laws and strange customs of the people.

Ordinarily speaking, it is easy enough to get on in the Bengal Presidency with an average knowledge of Hindostanee, the compound¹ speech, which constitutes the vernacular, or *lingua franca*, of the country, but in no part of it is this less useful than in Bengal itself. There the dialect approaches more nearly to the pure Sanscrit, and consequently is more difficult, as the best authorities are agreed that the root language never has been a spoken tongue. The same remarks apply to the British district of Orissa, for Ooriah, although a cognate of Bengali, is yet a distinct dialect of Sanscrit. In the Orissa tributary states again, and in Chota Nagpore, and Santalia, the Fathers are in contact with races speaking the Dravidian tongue of South India, the Kolharian, not yet perhaps fully isolated, the prakritic or contemporary vernacular of the Sanscrit; and in East Purneah and Darjeeling they have to take up the Indo-Burman, Indo-Tibetan, and Indo-Chinese speech affinities of the people residing there.

No doubt it may be said that philological studies are interesting rather than otherwise to gentlemen who are necessarily scholars, and also that in Chota Nagpore the people are evincing a great aptitude for the acquirement of Hindi—but even in this general dialect, there is plenty of difficulty when it comes to the test of instructing the people in the more usual practices of religion. Father Huaghe, in a letter published in the *Précis Historiques*, describes the difficulty he experienced in his endeavours to teach a section of the "Koles" the manner of making the sign of the Cross.

In regard to law, perhaps the difficulties of the Fathers are not so very great, as the Indo-British statutes are codified, and the "panchyats" or native plan of adjudicating cases by five arbitrators is soon learned by those who live in intimacy with them; but the case is different, however, in regard to manners and customs, and especially amongst the aborigines,

¹ A mixture of Sanscrit and Perso-Arabic.

where the tribal differences even are considerable. These relate to food, eating with strangers, to marriage customs, to dancing, and festivals, in fact, to all domestic and social life, and a full consideration of them would be quite outside the scope of this essay, but nevertheless we are inclined to give one custom which the Fathers have described, and with regard to which they evidently foresee difficulties in the matter of eradication. We shall translate it from a letter from "Digghia," the central missionary station of a tribe called the "Oraons," and trust that the fact of a part of the practice having been adopted in modern London will not detract from its interest. It is called the *Fête de Morts*, a kind of ceremony which takes place annually on the 20th and 21st of November.

This is how they spend the *Fête de Morts*, which I shall describe partly from observation and partly as it has been related to me. Firstly, it is necessary to state that the "Oraons,"¹ like the "Mundas," cremate their dead in a place called the "Masra," generally some uncultivated corner apart from the village. When the body is consumed they collect the ashes into a new urn of terra-cotta, which they place in their gardens, waiting for the day when the general and yearly disposition is made of all the dead of the village. In the case of epidemics, or when there are many at the same time, they provisionally inter and wait to cremate them all together at the "Festival," but whether they believe that cremation is then contrary to sanitary science, I do not know. Be that as it may, however, let us assume that it is the eve of the *fête*, and that the sound of a shrill instrument has summoned the people to the Masra—or place of cremation. The men carry their axes and their spades; the women, I do not know why, weep copiously. They first prepare the funeral-piles with green wood, and then the young men disinter the bodies. Each being placed upon a separate pile, they are burned in the midst of the lamentations and curses of the women; then when each is consumed, or nearly so, the crowd retires and freely pledge the memory of the departed in the rice-beer or other intoxicant of the country. The next day is the "Harburi," or day of burial. Towards mid-day, Saturday, the 20th, the sounds of the instruments are heard again, and as before the people set out for the Masra; the young girls only remaining in the village. Having arrived at the latter place, the cries of the mourners break out afresh. Then the women collect the ashes in the funeral urns, and cover them with flowers. They then form in procession towards the place of burial, and where their forefathers have reposed since the foundation of the village.²

¹ Tribal divisions.

² Such cemeteries are always situated either on the banks of a stream, or of those of the village ponds.

The men take the head of the *cortège*, and walk quickly and without speaking, while the women follow carrying the urns and flowers, and the silence is only interrupted from time to time by the lamentations of the latter. When the procession has arrived at the cemetery they place the urns in the earth in trenches prepared for them, and then they cover them with large, flat stones, and then next having taken the road to the village, the entire crowd take a bath of purification.

The second or principal day of the feast is called "Madhuri."

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the people assemble at the "Akkra," or place set apart for the village dances. They there place in the ground (I have been told) a number of sticks, which they cover with straw,¹ and to which they make offerings of rice and spirituous liquors. This ceremony is followed by a village dinner, provided by the young men. This is very simple, and consists of a great quantity of cooked pumpkin, and of which everybody eats plentifully. On the day in question the young girls are obliged to give to each of the young men a measure of "chiura," a kind of parched rice. However, the feasting is not carried on without drinking, for they naively remark, if the dead drink, why should not the living follow their example? There is one peculiarity about the *fête*. After the dinner they dance also *en famille*, and not as is ordinarily the custom. The young men take no part, but the old and the women, friends and enemies, execute a particular figure, dressed with anything they can find. The old people, not being so ardent as the younger ones, they break up early and spend the remainder of the night in repose. I almost forgot to say that those families in which a death has taken place during the year, give a grand dinner to their relations, and whether in a "Kol" or an "Oraon" village, second and third cousins are invited, and from which it follows that a great number of the inhabitants of the village put in an appearance at the board.

Such is the *fête des morts*. And how sad it is, and how devoid of consolation and of hope! The first day is one of frightful and revolting imprecations, the second is a scene of drunkenness, a veritable *pêle-mêle* of men and women endeavouring to drown their sorrows in the wine-cup.

On the morrow, the work of the fields is resumed with energy, for it is the mid-harvest time of the rice crop. But during the two days the festival lasts no one dare work under the dread of the grain disappearing from the ears of corn. The above will give some idea of the people amongst whom my lot is cast.

We have now advanced to more serious difficulties by which these infant missions are confronted, namely, those arising from other missionary religions, or more precisely, from Protestantism and from Hindooism.

¹ These are meant for effigies of the departed, and a similar custom is observable amongst the Buddhists of Darjeeling. (Author.)

I have excepted the religion of Mahomet from the above, as the Moslems, under their present condition of subordination in the East, are not in a position to make converts to their faith, in the manner which has recommended itself to them, but nevertheless it is not to be forgotten that in the provinces under the Bengal Government, the votaries of this religion number no less than 22,000,000 of the people, of which probably a fourth are within the area of the mission. Some years ago it was recognized that amongst the lower classes of them, such as the fishermen and boatmen of the Delta, there was a great tendency to drift back into the practices of the Hindoos, but I have seen it stated that in recent years there has been a considerable revival, and if this is so, it would undoubtedly constitute another difficulty for the Catholic missionaries, for the Mussulman who knows his Koran is a bad subject for the reception of the self-denying ordinances of the Church.

The Lutheran missions enjoy a great advantage over those of our faith, arising from priority of occupation, especially in Chota Nagpore and Santalia, inasmuch as they were established there as long ago as 1840; and both they and the Anglicans have another powerful lever belonging to the official religion of the Government. In reference to this point, although I bear the most willing testimony to the admirable spirit of fairness which was accorded to all forms of belief in our time; still it is a fact which requires no proving, that everybody who belongs however remotely to the "Sircar" (the inclusive native word for the Government), has conferred upon him, *ipso facto*, an immense power in any undertaking in which he may be engaged, not excepting the propagation of the doctrines of religion. Our missionaries are necessarily deprived of this, and the position is not improved by the fact of their not being Englishmen. But the natives are admirable judges of character and of motive, and they do not take long to differentiate the "padre" who lives and labours amongst them for no earthly reward from the "padre sahib" who serves for a stipend, and who divides the supervision of his flock with the care of his family, with a natural leaning towards the latter. To this appreciation of circumstance and of motive, though it becomes a layman to advance the point with all diffidence, is due perhaps in some degree, from a natural point of view, the comparative success of our missions.

As regards Hindooism the case is different. Ordinarily

speaking, Western readers probably do not regard this as a missionary religion, but Indian observers, especially those who have witnessed its action in relation to the aboriginal tribes, are of a different opinion. They recognize various ways in which the Brahmans, as guardians of the temples, shrines, and of the caste system of the country, endeavour to bring the inferior races within their particular cult, either by admitting them to public worship or assigning to them a definite status in the social order. I think that the aboriginal tribes, while remaining outside the worship of the principal Hindoo deities, do assent to the veneration of some of the minor ones, who may be vaunted as useful for special purposes, such as the cure of disease in cattle, or other similar visitations which may press hardly upon them. In Chota-Nagpore, however, the missionaries tell of another way in which it is endeavoured to make this extraordinary polytheism a barrier against the spread of their teaching. The wealthy classes and landed proprietors, as before mentioned, are in many instances Hindoos, and these, the Fathers write, regard with the greatest jealousy and dread, the conversion of their dependents to Catholicism. Instances they say are not wanting, where they prevent it. If their tenants will reject the Catholic faith, they have even offered to forego their rents, and such a sacrifice will, we think, be sufficient proof to those who know the value attached by the natives to money, of the undoubted success of the mission.

We are not yet perhaps in a position to take a retrospective glance at the entire work of the mission, but I am rather anxious to do so, however, before I leave this subject of Brahmanism. It will be obvious to the reader that the greatest successes of the Fathers hitherto have been amongst the aboriginal people, and those of more primitive faiths, but that they have been much less marked amongst the Aryan and pantheistic Hindoos, and if it be not quite outside the province of a layman, I would beg to offer in some sort an explanation of the circumstance. When the doctrines of the Church are placed before an ordinary Hindoo, whose mind is filled with a polytheism in which the gods and their derivatives, and still more their attributes, are countless, it may not be an easy task for him to at once remove so great a burden from his mind, and to accept dogmatic truths which his training has in no way fitted him to comprehend, and if he be more learned he will produce corresponding concep-

tions, from his own controversial repertory, conveniently forgetting, or perhaps not even knowing, that these weapons have been forged and polished for him by the sceptic writers of the West.

If, however, he be inclined, notwithstanding these difficulties, to join the Catholic Church, there still remains the colossal barrier of caste. In India a prestige attaches to being born in say one of the higher castes, which is quite foreign to any European ideas, amounting in fact *per se* to an hereditary endowment; but should the subject of it become a Christian, it would be irretrievably sacrificed, and he would find himself in a position of greater indignity than would a Catholic, who was at once excommunicated and outlawed, if we can imagine such a circumstance. All this may help the home reader to appreciate the small and slow advances that have been made by Catholic missionary preaching and example against the religious system of the Hindoos.

However, for some time there have not been wanting signs of a state of transition, or even of change. Western education has already captured the citadel, or educated class, and the graduates of the University, of whom there are very many, can only look with loathing on their hitherto venerated temples, and especially on the more debasing, which later forms of his faith have erected to Vishnu, in what was to him the sacred land of Orissa. The result is, that many members of this class have taken refuge in theism, in which they endeavour to nourish themselves on the writings of Comte, Mill, Spencer, and other prophets of negation. But as these doctrines are already being fast discounted by minds outside the Church at home, we may look for early similar results from the imitative yet subtle intellects of Bengal. But we expect even greater results from a totally different influence, namely, female education, in which undoubtedly our Church will take a leading part. The position assigned to Indian mothers, at once zoological and soulless, has long been recognized as the stronghold of Brahmanism, but should female education progress in the future in a proportionate ratio to which it has already progressed, we may look forward hopefully to the time when, having shaken off the thralldom of this peculiar cult, they will take their places in the sacramental marriage of the Catholic Church, as the competent heads of their own households and helpmates of educated husbands.

We hope it will not altogether tire the patience of our readers if we now call attention to the financial condition of the mission. We desire much to do so, for the purpose of contrasting it with the full exchequer of their Protestant opponents, and of paying a humble tribute to the Fathers. The zeal with which the Bible societies of this country, America, and Germany, raise and remit funds for the support of their religious agents in India, needs no emphasizing; and against these large sums, it may be asked, what are the resources of our missionaries? The answer in a material sense is, very little, in a word, barely sufficient to maintain them in a mode of life practised by no other class of Europeans in India; but then the Catholic observer does not fail to see in their possession an endowment greater than wealth, namely, the self-abnegating spirit which so distinguished their great prototype, and hardly less so De Nobili, De Britto—a martyr—and Beschi, and as these great names still survive in the records of our Church in India, so also will those of the Calcutta Fathers beautify a future page. As the former are still venerated in the churches of Western and Southern India, doubtless so also will the latter be venerated in the future churches of Western Bengal.

We will now give the figures in proof of the recent successful progress of the mission. We take them from the *Précis Historiques*, so frequently referred to. Commencing in 1881, the first year for which we have exact figures, we find that the converts amounted to 16,146. In 1886, their numbers had increased to 20,000, and in 1888, the year which may be said to mark the first phenomenal success of the mission, these had advanced to 53,281. The increase in the number of baptisms are even more remarkable. In 1881, they numbered 378; in 1886, these had increased to 3,274, while in 1888, they reached the substantial total of 35,000. These figures are almost incredible when we remember that the country to which they relate is part of Asia, that it has been dominated for ages by a profound system of polytheism, and that the missionaries have not yet passed what may be called the initial stage of their labours.

We have only in conclusion to call attention to the means by which the Fathers hope to perpetuate the work of the mission. At present there is obviously a wonderful enthusiasm amongst the Order in Belgium. It is not uncommon for the

Fathers in Bengal to receive as coadjutors grave and learned professors from the universities at home, who voluntarily surrender assured positions in the theological world at home. But adequate precautions apparently are being taken against the possibility of a cessation of this early fervour, and already they have established a seminary for the education of country-born neophytes, who in time will be advanced to the charge of new and doubtless increasing Catholic congregations. This institution is situated at "Kurseong," a place of much salubrity in the sub-Himalayan ranges of British Sikkim, and which, thanks to the railway to Darjeeling, is now easy of access from the capital and from other parts of India. They have also established at the last-named place, viz., Darjeeling, a secular College, and in reference to this it is right to say they have obtained the ground on very favourable terms from the Government of Bengal; and equally right to acknowledge the munificence of that benevolent native prince, the Maharajah of Burdwan, who has given them eight acres of freehold land, of great value, for a cricket and recreation ground for the boys. The College, which is described as having a beautiful site, in full view of the snows, will doubtless prove a worthy rival, or complement, to the parent house at Calcutta, while the instruction will be much enhanced for European fathers of families by the delightful and exceptionally healthy climate of the place.

But the Fathers have not stopped at education solely in British Sikkim. They have already begun missionary work, and as the people are Buddhists, it will be an interesting task for some future correspondent to record how they have progressed amongst the "Lepchas," who have hitherto remained in the darkness of an elective pythagorism and annihilation—*Nirvana*—which Western writers, with not much knowledge of the country, are pleased to denominate the "light of Asia."

Holy Places of Ireland.

ST. DOULOUGH'S CHURCH AND HOLY WELL.

ONE of the curious features in the ecclesiastical buildings of Ireland is the absence of any continuity between the old and the new. Almost every abbey, convent, cemetery, church, is either a completely modern structure, or else a relic of antiquity, too often a relic already crumbling into dust, and bearing witness by its roofless walls and falling arches, to the enforced neglect of centuries, or to the too successful hand of the sacrilegious or barbarous spoiler. Some indeed there are that one or another chance circumstance has preserved. They have been employed for purposes of Protestant worship, or extraordinary strength of construction has enabled them to withstand the ravages of time. But in by far the greater number the period of the English invasion, and of the reign of terror under Cromwell and his successors, has either left the old churches and religious houses a heap of ruins, or else has caused them to disappear altogether. Sometimes nothing but a slight irregularity in the level of the soil, marks the spot where the holy dead lie around the sacred edifice, and where the Holy Sacrifice had been offered up for many a long year. Sometimes a bit of a stone wall projecting here and there is all that is left of the place whence the prayers and praises of men and women consecrated to God had once risen up like sweet perfume before His throne, of the chapter-house, the cloister, the refectory, the dormitory, which once were full of busy and industrious inmates.

This gulf between the old and new in the material order is the more striking on account of the contrast it presents to the unbroken, continuous faith which seems almost a part of Irish nature. The truth is that the very continuity of their faith is the cause of this deplorable want of architectural continuity. Not however entirely so, for the troubled state of the country for many years before the Reformation had already begun the

work of destruction, and had checked the activity in building up houses to God and to His saints which had prevailed before.

A few miles to the north of Dublin, on the rich plain of which Malahide Castle forms the most commanding feature, may be found, at a short distance from each other, the remains of two ancient chapels which are a good illustration of the fate of Ireland's ancient shrines. The traveller who makes his way from Portmarnock in a south-westerly direction will notice, at a distance of about a mile and a quarter from the station, a large square house standing a little away from the road. Uninhabited at present, with the grass growing on the flight of steps that leads to the front door, it is a typical specimen of the desolation of many an Irish mansion. A high parapet running high above the windows of the top storey, completely hides the roof from view, though what is the object of this unmeaning and by no means ornamental addition, is very hard to say. Perhaps it was a relic of the troublous times, when every house had to be a fortress, and served as a shelter to the inhabitants, whence they might hurl their missiles at their assailants below.

As we turn in at the gate which leads from the road to the house, we notice on the left hand, at a distance of a few yards from the pathway, a part of the grass that is rather higher than the rest. We observe also, or fancy that we observe, that the grass is greener on the part that is raised, and flourishes more abundantly than the rest of the meadow. We step aside on to the portion we have thus noted, and find in the centre of it that there is a line running round an oblong space, which is, however, somewhat rounded off at one end. Here formerly stood the parish church of Balgriffin, and the ground around is the churchyard, raised about a foot by the interments that had been made there, and exceeding green, as is almost always the case with God's acre, in which lie the bodies of the holy dead, awaiting the summons of the Archangel on the resurrection day. The house at the end of the long avenue is called Balgriffin House and was the property of the Bathe family, one of whom was the celebrated Father William Bathe, S.J., son of the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and remarkable for his talent and high virtue. The estate had formerly been in the hands of a Welsh immigrant, of the name of Griffin, after whom it was called Balgriffin or Griffinstown. This Welsh settler seems to have been also the founder of the church, which was dedicated to the

Welsh Saint, St. Sampson. Before this church was built the Chapel of St. Doulough was the only one in the neighbourhood, but the new settlement which sprang up around the Welsh immigrants rendered a second church necessary, and St. Doulough's henceforward became subordinate to the Parish Church of St. Sampson at Balgriffin. But it has nevertheless long outlived the rival that at one time threatened its very existence; St. Sampson's has long ago been levelled with the ground, while the shrine of the Irish Saint is, for the most part, in a state of perfect preservation.

But we must leave Balgriffin, and make our way another mile along the road past a little group of houses to which is given the name of Belcamp, a word clearly of Norman origin and marking the beauty and richness of the "fair plain" (*bellus campus*) in which the hamlet stands, until we approach a tower by the roadside, which we recognize as that of the Church of St. Doulough, the object of our search.

But before we enter it we must inquire who St. Doulough was. He certainly is not a familiar name to the majority of the readers of these pages. Many of the dwellers in Dublin, scarce five miles away, have never heard his name. The very meaning of it is wrapped in obscurity. The old spelling was Dulech or Duilech. Duil is the Irish for a creature. It is also the name for a pilchard or sprat. A more probable derivation is from Dubloch, or the "Black Lake." We sometimes find saints bearing names of places where they lived, and Ballyduloch, or the town of the black lake, is a name found in more places than one in Ireland. St. Doulough is described as a descendant of Fergus MacRosa, but as he is said to have been fifth in descent from him, and that chieftain is contemporary with the Christian era, either the family must have married somewhat late in life or else St. Doulough must have lived at a date quite impossible, long before the time of St. Patrick, and at a period when Ireland was still a pagan country. The genealogy of the Saint is therefore to be regarded with considerable suspicion. The fact is that he is one of those Saints of whose life and birth no particulars whatever have come down to us, and our authentic information respecting him may be summed up in a few sentences.

But one statement made about him by Dr. Ledwich the antiquarian (if indeed he deserves the name), we may very safely contradict. Dr. Ledwich, whose imagination often

proved stronger than his historical instinct, identifies St. Doulough with the Danish Saint, Olaf or Olave. It is true that there is a certain similarity in the corrupt form of St. Olaf's name that prevailed among the vulgar and the name of Doulough; but the evidence of the Irish Martyrologies is quite decisive on the question. In the "Book of Obits" of Christ Church, Dublin, the name of Doulough occurs twice.¹ In the calendar his name occurs on the 17th of November, and he is called "S. Dulech Episcopus et Confessor." In the Martyrology he is to be found commemorated on the same day but with the simple title of Confessor. His name also occurs in the Martyrology of Aengus, on the same day, and there bears the title of Duilech the Fair (cáin) of Clochar, and a gloss is added, *i.e.*, "of Clochar Duilech, near Faeldrum (Feltrim) at the south, beside Sords (Swords) of Columbkille."

St. Olaf, on the other hand, was a Danish, not an Irish Saint, and is commemorated on the 29th of July. The confusion probably arises from the fact of St. Olaf's name having been gradually corrupted into Oley, or Awley (Amhlaibh) and then by attaching the final *t* of saint to his name, Tooley or Tulloch.²

We may therefore dismiss the theory which identifies the two Saints. The name is also spelt with a considerable variety. Dulech, Duilech, Doulach, Dolough, Doulough, Dolaghy, are among the various ways in which it was written.

We have only two other references to St. Doulough in ancient documents, which however give us no fresh information about him. In the metrical calendar of Maelmuire (Marianus O'Gorman), he is described as "Duilech the devout of Clochar." In the calendar of Donegal we are told that he was of the Conmac, son of Fergus the son of Ros, or Fergus MacRosa. And here all our historical information respecting him comes to an end. Except the church at Clochar, no other church is dedicated to him in Ireland, unless it be that Kelldulig or Cellduleg, the present Grangegorman, derives its name from him.

If we turn to tradition, the only facts that we can thence derive as certain are that he was a hermit, and that he was a

¹ Pp. 71, 179.

² In Dublin there was formerly Tullock Street (off Fishamble Street), named after him, and in London there is Tooley Street, which still contains St. Olave's Church. We should like to know how many Londoners are aware that the well-known Tooley Street derives its name from the Saint whose church is situate there. In the neighbourhood of Dublin we have also Balawley (Balamhlaibh, or the town of Olave), which modern usage is gradually transforming into Ball-alley.

man of very remarkable sanctity; and that this shrine and the adjoining well were held in veneration for centuries on account of the wonderful miracles there wrought.

His eremitical character is beyond dispute. It seems to be generally agreed that the cell of the Saint occupied the ground which still goes by the name of St. Doulough's cell. The visitor has shown to him a low aperture under the window in the western wall, about two feet from the ground, through which it is asserted that the Saint was supplied with provisions from without. Unfortunately for the tradition, the building in which the aperture is found dates from some five hundred years after his death. But it is quite possible that it may have been the reproduction of a similar hole of earlier date, or that when the church was built in the twelfth or thirteenth century, there still dwelt there either a single hermit or a little community of monks who never left their enclosure, and were supplied with provisions through the hole aforesaid.

The other fact to which tradition bears witness is the extraordinary holiness of St. Doulough and his wonderworking power. In a book not generally known, and written in the year 1610 by one Barnaby Riche, Gent., and entitled *A true Description of the City and Citizens of Dublin*, the author, who is a bitter bigot and enemy to Ireland, bears witness to the high repute of the miraculous well attached to St. Doulough's shrine, and through which his power to heal seems to have been mainly exercised. After enumerating three other wells, St. Patrick's on the east of the city, St. James' on the west, St. Sunday's (? Domnach's) on the south, he continues, "To the northward of the City of Dublin they (*i.e.*, the Catholics) have St. Dolachy's well, another sanctified place, ceremoniously frequented at certain seasons. So that let the wind blow which way it list, east, west, north, or south, Dublin is so seated that a Papist may go with a blow-sheet from the High Cross, right before the wind, either to Mass within the town, or to a well without the town."

But we shall return to the well presently. We must first of all occupy ourselves with the church of the saint, to which we are now approaching. The first thing that we notice is that the present nave is a very recent appendage to the church. It occupies the ground on which there formerly stood a little side chapel. It is a plain modern building, of no interest, except that we have reason to be grateful to the architect that he has

raised up a structure, the unpretending simplicity of which is not out of harmony with the original. We enter St. Doulough's Church by a small door on the south side, and find ourselves within an irregular chamber, which occupies, if tradition is to be believed (and there is no reason to doubt it), the site of St. Doulough's cell. It is lighted on every side by windows, the shape of which proclaims them at once to belong to a period some five centuries after the death of the Saint. They are broader than ordinary lancet windows, with sufficient of Gothic decoration to lead us to assign them to the thirteenth century. On the western wall they have a still further development, the three windows being grouped as if in anticipation of the more pronounced forms of decorated architecture. Under the windows on the western wall is a hole communicating with the exterior, through which the local tradition asserts, as we have already noticed, that the Saint received the victuals for his daily support. But as the wall was clearly built some centuries after the death of St. Doulough, we cannot extend our faith in the tradition beyond a pious belief that the original aperture through which the Saint was fed, occupies the same place as the hole that we now see. We may also conjecture that the later successors of St. Doulough, who carried on for many centuries his eremitical life, received their supplies from the faithful through this present aperture.

On entering this chamber the first object that attracts our attention is a roughly-built altar of stone, which is said, and with great probability, to be the tomb of the Saint. It is on the eastern side of the chamber and is built against the wall that separates the chamber in which we are from the rest of the building. For the church is divided by a thick wall into two parts, of which the western, or St. Doulough's cell, is by far the smaller. The eastern portion is more regular in shape; on the north side are two curiously shaped windows, very broad, and which at present look into the modern Protestant church, but which formerly connected the main portion of the church with a little side chapel, of which no traces now remain. Of the two connecting windows one looks straight into the St. Doulough's Church, the other slants towards the east (like the *squint* that is found in the transepts of many cathedrals and parish churches), in order to give to those in the side chapel a view of the altar. On the opposite side, near the altar, is a window to which tradition gives the name of the Lepers' window, since it

is said that those infected with that malady used to stand outside it to hear Mass. This is the more probable, as the window has its eastern wall slanting towards the altar. On the same side are two recesses in the wall where altars may possibly have stood, or sedilia have been placed. On the south side of the altar we notice a broken piscina, and on the same side a lancet window, which, if it were not for the decorated windows around, might have well belonged to an earlier period than that to which we have assigned the church. Anyhow it certainly belongs to the oldest portion of the church. The east window, the mullions of which run up to the top of the arch after the manner of the early perpendicular, can scarcely belong to a date previous to the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century.

These two portions of the church form together a building some forty-eight feet long by twenty-two feet wide. The wall by which they are separated from each other has at present an arched aperture about four feet long and three and a half feet high in the centre of the arch. But originally it was solid throughout, and there are clear traces of the hole having been cut after the wall was made. At the bottom of it, and at the base of St. Doulough's tomb, which abuts on its eastern side, is a hole which runs into the tomb some twelve or fifteen inches. To thrust one's head into this hole is still believed to be a certain cure for toothache, and the Protestant woman who keeps the keys of the church assures the visitor that she has herself often been cured by the virtues of St. Doulough's tomb. Probably in this hole the relics of the Saint were in former days exposed, and from their virtue it derives the curative power ascribed to it. This eastern portion of the church is some three feet higher than the western, as what is called St. Doulough's cell has its roof considerably lower, in order to make room for the corresponding cell above it.

But St. Doulough's Church was something more than a church. It goes in the neighbourhood by the name of St. Doulough's Castle, and there are very clear traces of its having been used as a dwelling-house, and of its being intended to shelter more than the solitary hermit who was at the first its occupant. The church or double apartment in which we are is but the lower portion of the building. Out of each of the chambers a narrow winding staircase leads to an upper room situated above the portion of the crypt from which the staircase proceeds. Out of

St. Doulough's cell we mount into another cell of the same size, except that it is considerably lower than the church, being only just high enough to allow a man to stand upright, and is lighted only by two windows, one on the west, while that on the north is a slanting hole rather than a window, and seems to have been constructed not merely for the admission of light, but also for purposes of offence and defence against the attacks of any foe without. Out of this upper chamber a few more steps and an arched doorway lead into the principal chamber of the whole building. This extends its entire length, and partly provides for the just mentioned chamber by four high steps which raise the floor of the west end three feet above the rest. The roof of the building at the western end, above the portion of the room to which the steps lead up, is some three or four feet higher than that which runs off to the east of the central tower, the difference being clearly perceptible from outside. This long room, which was clearly the ordinary living room either of a single hermit or of a small community, contains a fireplace, and a sort of chair or seat made in the walls opposite to the fireplace, which here are over three feet thick, and under the window on the south side. From this room another narrow staircase winds up to a room situated in the square tower over the centre of the church. As you mount the stairs, you will observe a curious recess or cavity in the wall, not quite long enough to allow of a man's stretching himself out at full length, but compelling him to lie in a somewhat cramped position. Still there is room enough in it to permit of his resting there with tolerable comfort, as it bulges a good deal on one side and is not less than five feet long, with an inch or two to boot. This hole is called "St. Doulough's bed," and was probably constructed for one of his pious successors at the time that the church was built. It may be it was an exact copy of a similar penitential recess occupied by the Saint himself. It much resembles "St. Kevin's bed" at Glendalough, but is shorter, and rather wider.

The upper room in the square tower was also clearly used as a living room. We can well imagine this to have been the living room of the hermit, who may have sometimes given himself a respite from the penitential bed. It contains a fireplace like the one below, and has six windows, all narrow and long, built into walls three feet thick and widening towards the interior, having been clearly constructed with an eye to protection from

possible missiles shot from without. It seems most probable that the building was never permanently occupied by more than a single priest, but it may well have been that in those days of lawless rapine and invading Danes, he received into the shelter of his castle those whose lives were in danger from the marauder and sought for "sanctuary" within its well-built walls. The walls are everywhere thick as those of a stronghold liable to attack, varying from 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. 6 in. in thickness. Yet the same protection was needed for habitual inmates, and we cannot be sure that in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, the solitary inmate of the sacred place may not have taken to himself one or more disciples, and that the life within its walls may not for a time have been monastic instead of eremitical.

But we have still to mount to the summit of the tower. Thence we command the whole country round. A richly-wooded plain separates us by some four miles from the blue sea in the distance. Malahide Castle is one of the most prominent objects in the landscape, while on the south the smoke of Dublin forms a light haze, through which and above which the Wicklow mountains stretch away in an unbroken range from Bray Head on the coast and the Sugar Loaf not far off, to Lug-na-Quilla and the other giants in the interior of the country. The tower, with its strong ramparts, is a marvel of solid workmanship, and is in just as good preservation now as it was five hundred years ago, and its crenelated buttresses will to all appearance remain in their entirety as long as the world shall last. A modern flooring has been made to the tower, and the visitor walking round surveys the country, but when it was first built the floor was some three feet lower, so that those who stood there were completely shielded from the arrows of assailants beneath, whom they could, however, espy through convenient spy-holes constructed for the purpose.

Before we leave the building we must not forget what is one of its most remarkable features, the double stone roof. One solid roof of stone separates the crypt or church and St. Doulough's cell, from the long room above them. The whole building has another high pitched roof formed of stones, not built after modern fashion, but laid one upon the other, so as to form a slanting roof within and without. This stone roof has been used as an argument for the church being anterior to

the Anglo-Norman invasion, but the general features of the church render this very improbable, and it is far more likely that this is a rare instance of such a roof belonging to the twelfth or thirteenth century.

We must now turn from the material structure to say a word about its history.¹ Whether the theory of a continuous line of anchorites be correct, or whether a little community had taken their place in the course of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, there is no doubt that in the beginning of the fifteenth century an individual anchorite was formally recognized as its lawful occupant. There is still extant a Letter of Indulgence from the Registry of Nicholas Fleming, Archbishop of Armagh, entitled "A Letter of Indulgence granted to the anchorite of St. Doulough." Its object is to "recommend to the alms of the faithful the anchorite who is shut up in the chapel of the B.V.M. and SS. Peter and Paul, on account of the supplies not being sufficient to supply the wants of the said anchorite, and also to keep the building in proper repair." "We exhort you all," says the Archbishop (*Vestram Universitatem hortamur*), "that when the messenger or procurator of the said anchorite comes to beg alms, you would receive him kindly, and expose his needs to those of your parish, who shall aid him." The only other occasion when we find any official reference to St. Doulough's Church is exactly a century later, when we find one John Young tried for handing over, without the permission of the Government, certain lands and tenements for the maintenance of a chantry in the chapel of St. Doulough. Before the time of the Reformation, St. Doulough's chapel seems to have been handed over to the Cathedral of Christ Church. Possibly the endowments attached to it by Mr. John Young with royal sanction made it worth preserving. He was, however, pardoned, and his benevolent grants received royal sanction. Had it not been for them, it would long ere this have been a dismantled heap of ruins. It is still in the gift of the Chapter of the Protestant Cathedral, and once a week the Anglican Service is duly performed there by the precentor.

From the church of the Saint we must invite the reader to pay a short visit to the holy well to which we have already

¹ Our main source of information is the paper read by Dr. Reeves, the present Protestant Bishop of Down, before the Dublin Antiquarian Society, and printed in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy.

alluded, which stands at only a short distance in an adjoining field. In the centre of the field there rises an octagonal building about twelve feet high, and with walls four feet thick. Around it the ground has been dug out to a depth of about six or seven feet, and there is a passage running around the well, embanked with solid masonry.

From the passage, two steps lead us down into the building within which the well is situate. The well itself is a large circular stone, in the centre of which the holy water is found, which for centuries drew pilgrims from all parts of Ireland. At present there is scarcely any water in it, and the whole structure tells of desolation and decay. The summit has long since been broken off, and plants and shrubs are taking root in the soil that has gathered there. The coping-stones of the windows are all gone, and a long crack in one of the sides tells of its approaching doom. Unless some pious hand is stretched out to save it from ruin, it will soon be a mere heap of stones. Nothing but the wonderful solidity of the building has saved it even till now.

The well is lighted by a double row of windows. The lower windows are flatheaded, the upper are ordinary pointed windows belonging apparently to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. In former times the walls were ornamented with fresco paintings, and other decorations, a gift from one Peter Fagan of the Barons of Feltrim family. At the top of the well in the roof in the centre was a fresco of the Descent of the Holy Ghost. On the sloping walls around, were frescoed figures of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, St. Columbkille, and St. Doulough himself, in his hermit's dress. On a marble tablet on the wall was the following inscription. We give the translation found in Ledwich, and taken by him from an author of the seventeenth century. Our classical readers will see for themselves that it very imperfectly represents the elegance of the original.

Bethsaida's sacred pool let others tell
 With healing virtues how her waters swell.
 An equal glory shall Fingallia claim.
 Nor be less grateful to her blissful stream.
 Thy prayers, Doulachus, mounted up to Heaven ;
 Thence to thy well the mighty power was given
 To drive the fiery fever far away,
 Strength to replace, and rescue from decay
 To every malady in life a stay.

The cherub wondrous moves his watery sphere,
The Saint behold who stirs the fountain here.
Hail, lovely font, if long unsung thy name,
It hence shall rise above the starry frame.¹

But all these have now entirely disappeared, though here and there a trace of the colour on the walls still remains. Outside the well, on the eastern side of it, is an open space where, it may be, a statue of the Saint formerly stood, or even an altar was erected, and Mass said on the festival of the Saint. On going a few steps further in the same direction, the visitor will find a curious slanting passage going down into the ground, leading to a roughly constructed and narrow arch. Passing through it he will find himself in an oblong chamber some nine to ten feet long and five feet wide, with vaulted roof and a little aperture to admit air and light from the other end. This is the bath which was attached to the well, and drawing its water thence. It was called St. Catherine's bath, and pilgrims visiting the church and well bathed in it, either simply from devotion, or in the hope of being cured of the malady which brought them to the shrine. There are still two or three feet of water in the bath, though the rubbish from the entrances is gradually collecting in it, and threatens soon to obliterate it altogether.

¹ *Piscinæ Solymis claræ decus efferat alter,
Et medicas populus jactet Hebræus aquas.
Grata Deo patrium celebret Fingallia fontem.
Doulachi precibus munera nacta piis ;
Morbos ille fugat promptus viresque reponit
Ægras, et causas mille salutis habet.
Scilicet æquus agit mediis Doulachus in undis,
Angelus ut fontem, sic movet ille suum.
O fons noster amor, si te negleximus olim,
Mox erit ut nomen sit super astra tuum.*

*Pietas Mariana Gallica.*¹

WHAT the late Mr. Edmund Waterton has done for English memorials of our Lady, Père Drochon has just accomplished for our Lady's shrines in France. But there is this difference between their work. That of Mr. Waterton, admirable and complete as it was, could only tell of the past, and of a past of three hundred years ago. Père Drochon, on the contrary, can describe the glories of the present, and link them with a still more distant past, reaching often into the earliest dawn of the faith in Roman Gaul. As the sanctuaries of England went down before the onslaughts of Pagan Saxon and cruel Dane, and then fell, apparently never to rise again, before the voluptuous Tudor tyrant, so were the shrines of France attacked by Normans, Saracens, Reformers, and still more ruthless revolutionists; but—and this is just what makes us envy her providential lot—they have risen again, perhaps more glorious and honoured than before. There is an expression in the work before us which, however poetic, seems strictly true, that never has bishop in France mourned over a ruin, and especially a ruin of any of Mary's sanctuaries, without his regrets finding a practical echo in generous hearts. Here, again, we fear our neighbours across the Channel are more blessed than we; for of the countless shrines dedicated to our Lady in England, none have arisen from their ashes. And can we doubt that the ruin on the northern shore of Norfolk, the memories of Walsingham, have more than once called forth a sigh from the bishops of the diocese in which that sanctuary is placed? Yet no response of generous piety, as far as we know, has come. We know it is in the poverty of our English Church, and its crushing needs on every side, that the explanation is surely to be found. But perhaps, in spite of all excuses, there may be some lack amongst us. We may forget too easily, what

¹ *Pèlerinages Français de la Très-Sainte Vierge.* Par le R. P. J. E. Drochon. Paris: Plon.

they do not forget in France, the ancient spots which God had glorified. Why do we not remember the shrines of old, and endeavour to restore their cultus? Surely this would be a very practical and evident answer to the claims of continuity which those who descend lineally from Cromwell and Cranmer make so unblushingly.

The Order to which the author of the work before us belongs, has had a large and prominent share in reviving the Catholic devotion of pilgrimages throughout France. And not only in France, but as far as the Holy Land; and, if we mistake not, by leading pious bands to peaceful invasion of the holy places of Spain, Manresa, Saragossa, and Loyola, they have carried the sacred fire to other peoples, and taught them to revive the honour of their shrines. The book before us is the outcome of the same zeal, and will materially aid to bring fresh multitudes to our Lady's feet, and claim from her liberty and life for the much oppressed Church of France.

The number of beautiful engravings and chromo-lithographs which stud the one thousand pages of this work, will surely tend very materially to the end which has called it into being. Many of the churches are of deep interest to the archæologist and to the cultivated taste of the educated; some are more calculated to appeal to the admiration of less cultured eyes, for devotion in France, as elsewhere, is not always synonymous nowadays with a high standard of art. But any one who knows anything of modern France, must have been struck with the multitude and magnificence of the churches, chapels, and religious edifices which have risen up there like magic during the later half of the nineteenth century. And if they are not rivals in point of design to Beauvais or to Chartres, to the mediæval work, in a word, of a country which has perhaps not been surpassed in the exquisite grace of its ancient architecture, still they all tell of devotion and self-sacrifice, all the more difficult when a Concordat, unkindly and unfairly administered, fetters and interferes with the generosity of individuals and of ecclesiastics.

The story of the foundation of the *Œuvre des Pèlerinages*, with which the book opens, is too interesting to pass unnoticed. Over the door of the crypt of the Sainte Chapelle, St. Louis of France had erected a graceful statue of our Lady. It was, like the chapel itself, of the purest, the highest type of mediæval art. The good King was drawn by its sweet face to pray

publicly before it. He set the good fashion, no doubt. One day in 1304 the subtle Doctor, Duns Scotus, knelt at its feet to ask aid in great need. He was commissioned by the Pope to defend from the pulpit the Immaculate Conception of our Lady. So, says the beautiful legend, the image bowed its head with a sweet smile towards its defender, and the smile remained on the sculptured face. Scotus spoke to such purpose that the Sorbonne decreed that every theological graduate of Paris was to bind himself by oath to defend the belief.

The statue fell under the iconoclasts of the French Revolution, but it was discovered in an old curiosity shop, among a quantity of remains of the Sainte Chapelle and of Notre Dame. Its beauty and artistic merit attracted to it great attention. Its style, its size, which just filled the vacant niche, convinced archæologists that it was the lost image. It was bought by one of the first Fathers of the Augustinians of the Assumption. When the war of 1869—70 broke out, it was with the Dames de l'Assomption in their well-known Convent of Autueil. During the Commune, the house, after being riddled with shells, owing to its exposed position, was the scene of hideous orgies of the Federalists, one of whom in a fit of anti-Christian fury smashed with a hammer the lovely and smiling face. When the French troops had recaptured Paris, and the religious returned to the blood-stained and soiled ruins, the thought came to their mind before that broken statue, "Our Lady of Help, come to our aid!" The workman has fallen into the hands of the Freemason, and the servants of God must go out and rescue and redeem him, just as the Order of Redemption of Captives had in days of old gone forth to rescue Christians from the slave-marts of Algiers and Tunis. A new confraternity was erected around the restored statue, and from its sanctuary in the Rue François 1^{er}, under the guidance of the Fathers of the Assumption, the national pilgrimages, and various other works, all with the same end, were inaugurated.

It is hard to choose out of so many, but all that one can do in a magazine article is to tell the story of one or two of the more interesting among the thousand shrines of which mention is made.

We are told that the good St. Denis, when he was preaching the Gospel around Paris, left at the shrine of our Lady at Longport, south of the capital, a portion of the veil

of our Lady. On the reliquary was inscribed : *C'est le voile de la benoiste Mère de Dieu, apporté par Monseigneur Sainct Denys.* From the days of Charlemagne, a monastery of Benedictine Fathers guarded the sanctuary, and King Robert the Pious laid the first stone of the beautiful church which still exists. Thither came, among crowds of faithful, St. Hugh of Cluny, St. Bernard, who was preaching the Crusade, St. Jean de Valois, and St. Louis. The Revolution devastated the church and shrine, but both are now restored with great splendour by the efforts and generosity of its curé, M. l'Abbé Arthaud.

Chartres, with its venerable tradition of Notre Dame sous terre, the Druids' *Virgo paritura*, and the scene of their worship, of their conversion, and of their martyrdom, claims priority over all the sanctuaries of our Lady in the land. Besides the statue of Our Lady of the Pillar in its northern aisle, the memories of our own Archbishops St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Canterbury, of St. Bernard, and of Gerson, of St. Francis of Sales, of Blessed Grignon de Montfort, of the Venerable Father Eudes, of St. Benedict Labre attract one to this glorious Cathedral. Not here, only, but in many another shrine, Mary fought against our countrymen. As she had protected the city of Chartres against Rollo, the Norman, so when Edward the Third and his victorious army sat down before its scarcely defended walls, a terrible storm of hail and rain burst upon the besieging force and caused tremendous loss of men and horses. Edward recognized the hand that fought against him, and vowed to Our Lady of Chartres that he would sign a treaty of peace.

The little Church of Our Lady de Montmélian, a few miles north-east of Paris, has its legend of St. Rieul, an apostle of the first century, who found on the heights of Montmélian a temple of Mercury. When, at the gentle touch of his staff, the idol fell down with a crash, the people embraced the faith and built a chapel to our Lady on the spot. Round about the chapel in the eleventh century a fortress was built to protect the sanctuary. The royal family had a castle hard by, and no one ever slept there without first paying their devotions to the ancient shrine. Blanche of Castile often came there to pray for her child, St. Louis. A new church has risen on the ruins of the Revolution.

Tours has its memories of its apostle, St. Gatian, whom an old legend says was one of the fortunate shepherds who were

keeping the watch with their sheep near Bethlehem on the first Christmas night. The two churches he is said to have erected were both dedicated to our Lady, Notre Dame de la Crypte, which was the primitive Cathedral of Touraine, and Notre Dame La Riche, once called La Pauvrette, and which became rich because of the relics of the Saint. Another cave on the north side of the river, dedicated to our Lady, recalls the memory of the Saint of Tours, the great St. Martin. Here the holy Bishop loved to withdraw for a space to refresh his soul with prayer, and here our Lady appeared to him, with St. Thecla and St. Agnes, flooding the place with heavenly glory. Formerly Notre Dame du repos de St. Martin was enclosed in the splendid abbey church of Marmoutier, which owed its foundation to him, and of which it is now the last remnant.

The deeply interesting story of the coming of St. Lazarus and SS. Martha and Mary has a close connection with our Lady's shrines. Tradition tells us that at the spot where the holy family of Bethania landed, on the dreary coast of Provence, with its wastes of sand and shallow sea, they raised an altar of baked clay dedicated to the Mother of God, the first upon which the Adorable Victim was offered on the soil of France; and Mary Salome and Mary the mother of James stayed there to guard the holy spot, while the others went forward on their apostolic mission. There the two Marys died, and there they were buried; and in the sixth century St. Cæsarius of Arles entrusted the sanctuary called Our Lady of the Sea to some nuns. Half church, half fortress, it still attracts twenty thousand pilgrims every year on the 25th of May.

Tradition tells us again that St. Lazarus raised in the crypt of St. Victor's at Marseilles an altar to our Lady. Certain it is that under that venerable church there was a chapel called Our Lady of the Confession in the days of Antoninus Pius, and an ancient statue which survived the horrors of the Revolution is still honoured under that name. But the great sanctuary of Our Lady of the Guard, which rises high above the Liverpool of the Mediterranean, has eclipsed all more ancient memories. For seven centuries has Mary been honoured on that height, and has received the homage of those who sail out on the seas and those who return hence. The sailors know her by the name of *La Bonne Mère*, and use no other title. Before the Revolution, the statue was of solid silver, covered with plates of gold. In its hands, at Benediction, the Blessed Sacrament was

placed. A silver statue has taken its place, and till the days of the Third Republic, was accustomed, once a year, on Corpus Christi day, to be brought down from its height with great solemnity into the busy city below.

Another sanctuary, Notre Dame de Bethlehem, links together the early days of the Church of France and the days of Clovis. As SS. Savinianus and Potentianus were preaching the faith, the mystery of Bethlehem was made visible to their hearers. Mary and Jesus appeared, and the angels again sang their *Gloria in Excelsis*. The name of Bethlehem clung henceforth to the spot. It is near Ferrières, on the line from Paris to Vichy. Attila burnt down the church, and buried three hundred victims under its ruins. The building was restored, and Clovis, not yet a Christian, aided in the work. There he learnt the virtues and charms of St. Clotilde, who loved to pray at the shrine; there, too, he brought his second boy to be baptized. It grew into a stately church, which Pope Alexander the Third, fleeing from Frederick Barbarossa, consecrated in 1163. It was set fire to and destroyed by our countrymen in the wars, and it was said that the soldier who was guilty of the sacrilege was seized by such a burning pain, which consumed his vitals, that he threw himself into a neighbouring well. In 1607 search was made, and a human skeleton was discovered therein. The church was magnificently restored in 1460, and spite of Reformers and Revolutionists it still exists, and has been of late restored.

The Normans, whose splendid handiwork is seen at Caen as at Canterbury, at Durham as at Guibray, paid honour to our Lady in France as in England, and Maud, the wife of William the Conqueror, was the munificent re-foundress of Our Lady of Guibray. Another Maud, the future Empress, and the daughter of Henry the First, was threatened with shipwreck in the stormy Channel. She began at once to chant a hymn, whose chorus was taken up by the lords of her suite. The ship arrived safely in a little bay on the Norman coast, and the spot was called for many years Chanterenei. "Note well that place," she said, as she came on shore, "for here shall be Notre Dame du Vœu." Henry the Second, her son, built the monastery there; but the wild sea has eaten away the land. A venerable church long recorded the royal promise, and was the object of devotion of the sailors. When, under Napoleon the Third, Cherbourg assumed its vast proportions, the church was destroyed, but its

place has been taken and its name handed on by the great church which now rises above the dockyard and arsenal of France.

The age of the Crusades, prolific in great deeds, naturally increased the shrines of Mary. Between Beauvais and St. Omers there is, and was in far off days, the shrine of Notre Dame de Hamel. The Sire de Créquy, one of the survivors of the first Crusade, was bidding good-bye to his son Raoul, who, at the voice of St. Bernard, had taken the cross. "O Lord God!" prayed the old father, "shield my dear son in this war, which he is undertaking for Thy name. And thou, good Mother, Our Lady of Hamel, be his stay; help him in the hour of peril, and bring him home without stain or blame." At the terrible struggle of the Meander, when the whole vanguard of the Christian army was hacked to pieces, Raoul was among the wounded, and fell a prisoner in the hands of the Saracens. For ten years he bore the terrible hardships of his captivity, and refused indignantly to purchase his freedom at the price of his faith. The memory of his wife and boy, and still more of Our Lady of Hamel, kept up his heart, and he prayed earnestly to his heavenly Queen for help in his distress. Meanwhile, false news of his death had reached France, and after ten years Adela of Brittany, his wife, had yielded to her father-in-law's request, and was going to be married to the Sire de Renty. Suddenly Raoul appeared at Hamel, aged, and changed out of all recognition; but he had clung to a jewel which his wife had given him on parting, and she to her joy recognized him by its means. In his Eastern prison Our Lady of Hamel had appeared to him, as he lay with the fetters of his hands and feet rivetted into the dungeon wall. He had awakened to find the chains lying at his side, and himself near his home. He hung up his fetters in the sanctuary, and there they remain to this day. During the Revolution a man and his wife tried to get at the statue to pull it down, but the man fell from the ladder and was smashed on the pavement; his wife was seized with sudden agony and died in despair. Another who tried to remove the chains was stricken with paralysis. It reminds one of the story told of our Lady's statue which is still standing on the exterior of the south aisle of the Abbey Church of Melrose, saved by some like marvellous intervention. An officer in the Crimean War was protected from death by a medal of Notre Dame de Hamel, on which a ball was flattened. He hung up his Cross

of the Legion of Honour at the shrine, but it disappeared during the Franco-Prussian War.

Between the stations of Chemillé and Cholart, on the line from Angers to Niart, is a sanctuary of Notre Dame des Gardes, another memory of a deliverance from a Moslem prison. Guy de Pineau, lord of much territory thereabouts, had been made captive on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and had vowed to build a chapel in our Lady's honour on a high point of ground which looked over his estates. He returned and kept his promise, and it is now guarded by the daughters of St. Bernard, the austere Trappistines. In 1875, on our Lady's birthday, in the midst of a number of bishops and mitred abbots, surrounded by some seventy thousand pilgrims, Monseigneur Freppel crowned the statue in the name of the Holy Father.

The splendid Romanesque church of Loches, a short distance from Tours, is the reliquary of a precious treasure. The Emperor Arcadius had brought to Constantinople and presented to his sister, St. Pulcheria, a linen girdle of very thin texture, said to have belonged to our Lady. It was so venerated in the East that a feast in its honour was kept in the Greek monastery of Grotta Ferrata. The girdle was presented to Charlemagne, and remained one of the Royal treasures till the latter end of the tenth century. Geoffrey, the Count of Anjou, had offered himself to go down into the lists as champion of the right of King Lothair to the crown of France against a German competitor. The Queen Emma, his near relative, sent him from the chapel of her palace the precious girdle, and bade him wear it in the combat. The Count won the day, and the grateful sovereigns gave him the relic as his reward. He placed it in his chapel in his castle of Loches, where it became a centre of pilgrimage. Twice a year it was exposed in the great church, where it lay on a precious agate surrounded with jewels, and in a splendid reliquary of gold, fashioned after the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The reliquary was seized at the Revolution but the sacred girdle was saved, and is still to be seen and venerated.

At Orleans, as in Lorraine, the name of Joan of Arc is entwined with popular shrines of our Lady. At Orleans, close to the foot of the Tourelles, through which the Maid forced her entrance into the beleaguered city, was and is a chapel of Notre Dame des Aides, where, just before the assault, she sought for and obtained our Lady's help. The little chapel of

Our Lady de Bermont, near Domremy, was the spot of prediction of the shepherd girl, and where the first dawn of her mission appeared to her. Our Lady of Pity at Maxey-sur-Meuse, not far off from Domremy, beneath a venerable elm, and looking over the rich valley of Neufchateau, was another place where Joan loved to pray.

We meet other servants of God at the French shrines. At Albert, on the line to Amiens, the statue of Our Lady de Brebières was found by a shepherd in the ground, and miraculously transported to its present place. St. Collette, whose short stature and miserable appearance made her the butt of her mother's unfeeling jokes, came to pray before the statue. "Alas, Sire," she said to the Divine Infant, "do you want me to remain always so little?" and her naïve prayer was heard. After a long and sorrowful history, the statue is now enshrined in a spacious church.

In the south of France, Notre Dame de Peyragude, on the summit of a rock, over the town of Penne, near Agen, recalls to us St. Dominic, who from the feet of the miraculous image went as an envoy of peace to Raymond, Count of Toulouse, who was holding out in his Castle of Penne against Simon de Montfort. Raymond refused to listen to him, and the castle was taken. From that spot the Saint of the Rosary began his apostolate of prayer among the Albigenses. The country all around is full of memories of Mary, and the great sanctuaries of the Daurade and the Dalbade, venerable churches of Toulouse, have kept up the veneration of our Lady, in spite of Albigensian, Reformer, and Revolutionist.

The birthplace of St. Bernard is now a sanctuary of our Lady, the Church of Notre Dame de Fontaine-les-Dijon. It is near Chatillon-sur-Seine, and it was in the church of that town, Saint-Vorles, the youthful saint received so many favours. The chapel wherein all this occurred has been restored as an *ex voto*, in 1832, for relief from the cholera.

The list would never end if one merely mentioned the many splendid architectural buildings sanctified by the cultus of Mary, which are still standing after so many turbulent centuries. The noble church of Notre Dame d'Avesnières, beside the river at Laval, built by the descendant of Guy the Second, Count of Laval, who was saved from drowning; the interesting Abbey of Soulac, whose rescue from the encroaching sand is so well described in a recent number of the *Downside Magazine*;

Notre Dame de Hautecombe, on the Lake of Bourget, a familiar object on the line from Culoz to Mont Cenis, the Saint-Denis and the Westminster of Savoy, bartered by Victor Emmanuel for the crown of Italy; Citeaux, a name so dear to English hearts, faithful mother of Fountains, of Rievaulx, of Melrose, and of many an English abbey; Cluny, scarcely less dear; Puy, with its glorious Basilica, its statue brought from the East by St. Louis, its Notre Dame de France, a peaceful triumph, made of two hundred and thirteen Russian cannons, and poised on the summit of a mighty peak; Notre Dame du Dom at Avignon, claiming St. Martha as its foundress, with its memories of the Popes, of St. Vincent Ferrer, of St. Andrew Corsini, who there received his sight, of St. Catharine of Sienna, who prayed there for strength to carry out her great work and to restore Peter to Rome, of St. Francis Borgia, of St. Francis of Sales; these are some of the sanctuaries on which one would love to dwell.

Paris must ever be remembered and loved by the sons of St. Ignatius as the cradle of their Order. And there we may still kneel before statues which received his homage. The ancient image of Notre Dame de Bonne Délivrance, at 27, Rue de Sèvres, once stood in St. Etienne des Grés or des Degrés, the favourite sanctuary of the students, in the centre of whose quarter it stood, close by the Colleges of Montaigu and of St. Barbe, where St. Ignatius and his companions studied. Before it St. Francis de Sales, then a student, vowed his virginity to God. It found a shelter in a prison during the Reign of Terror, and saved those who called on the name of Mary. But Notre Dame des Champs, or, as it once was called, des Vignes, was the sanctuary which the poor man of Loyola especially loved.

Mary Stuart recalls to us her pilgrimages to Notre Dame de Liesse, where we meet with Joan of Arc, and with a charming legend of crusading times. The future Queen of Scotland paid her homage also to Notre Dame de Cléry, and to Our Lady of Chartres. But it is time to halt in our hurried pilgrimage, and we must leave the later and the latest shrines for another time.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER HENRY FITZSIMON (*continued*).

FATHER FITZSIMON, or Archer, was very near being taken prisoner at the Castle of Cahir by the Earl of Essex in May, 1599. Father Fitzsimon having in vain challenged Doctors Hanmer and Challenor and others, desired to be taken prisoner, "that the ministers might know where to find him, and be tempted to accept his challenge, and thus he might atone in Dublin for the evil example of his heresy." His wish was gratified; while he was performing some pious function of his ministry he was seized, and he defended his captor, who otherwise would have been killed by the people. O'Neill, to whom Fitzsimon was no friend, demanded his instant release, saying: "I do feel myself more aggrieved, that any should for his religion be restrained in time of cessation of arms, than if there were a thousand preys taken from me; wherefore as ever you think, that I shall enter to conclude either peace or cessation with the State, let him be presently enlarged."

It is a wonder that Father Fitzsimon was not imprisoned much sooner. According to the Protestant writers, Wood and Ryan, "his unceasing exertions and convincing arguments gained many proselytes to the religion he professed. For two years before his imprisonment he continued this course, teaching publicly, and triumphing over the few who ventured to oppose him," giving abundant evidence of commanding talents as a speaker, and of a fearless spirit, and unbounded charity.¹ I suppose he went about in disguise like other priests of that period, one of whom was seen in Waterford with a "ruffling suit of apparel, gilt rapier and dagger hanging at his side."² He was in every way a worthy specimen of the Irish priests portrayed by Spencer, that "most poetical of all poets," to whom we are indebted for the *Faerie Queene*, and for a plan of exterminating the Irish race and religion. About the time of Fitz-

¹ Oliver's *Collectanea*.

² Rich's *Description of Ireland*.

simon's missionary labours the English bard wrote as follows: "The most part of the parsons that go to Ireland are either unlearned, or men of some bad note, for which they have forsaken England. It is great wonder to see the oddes which is between the zeal of the Popish priests and the ministers of the Gospell; for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Remes, by long toyle and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people unto the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the country offered unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for the sake nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests, to look out into God's harvest. Doubtless these good old godly Fathers, St. Patrick and St. Columb, will rise up in the Day of Judgment to condemn them. Those priests should be effectually prevented from coming, for lurking secretly in the houses and corners of the country they do more hurt and hindrance to (the Protestant) religion with their private persuasions, than all the others can do with their public instruction. While we may find in the parsons gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshy incontinency, careless and all disordered life."¹

But through God's mercy those priests could not be "effectually prevented from coming and lurking in the houses and corners of the country." Of God's special protection over them Father Fitzsimon gives some instances, and, he says, "innumerable like instances might be alleged, if brevity permitted." Perhaps he could have given us some instances in his own person, and it is a pity that "brevity" and "modesty" did not permit him to do so. In the year 1599, Walter Ball, a Dublin alderman and persecutor of his own mother and of the priests of God, "with a company of searchers, was looking for a holy and famous Franciscan, Father Peter Nangle, and a certain Father of the Society (Fitzsimon). Being disappointed, he went mad, died breathing blasphemies, and went to join in Hell all the other persecutors of priests." The same year Loftus, the Primate, procured a false witness to swear the same Father's (Fitzsimon's) life away. For eleven days the enemies' plans were matured,

¹ *View of the State of Ireland*, pp. 142, 139, 254.

and they looked on his destruction as inevitable, while the Catholics were all anxiety about his fate; but God so disposed that "the rope broke and he was freed," and that the suborned witness deprived the Primate of his prey, and also of a large sum of money, with which he ran away. The Jesuit had many enemies, in fact, all the ministers hated and feared him. He had also a large circle of kind friends, who warned and protected him in time of need and danger. His affectionate heart never forgot them. They were Thomas Fagan, George Blacknie of Rickenhore, William Nugent, Michael Taylor, a Baron and Baroness who are anonymous, and, no doubt, also the Fitzsimons of Swords, of the Grange, and of Balmadrocht.

Although he gives us to understand that hospitality was on the decline in Dublin, since he compares Rider's challenge to "the new requesting friends to meals—with many cups, but without hospitalitie," yet it must have been very hearty in his day, or must have been practised by himself. For he never dined without six or eight guests, and when he went to the country he rode with three or four gentlemen, who acted as his companions and protectors. Here we get a glimpse of Irish hospitality in the days of long ago, of that hospitality to which the English writer, Holinshed, bears testimony concerning Father Fitzsimon's grandfather:

"The Lord Mayors of Dublin, and nominally Thomas Fitzsimon, excel in hospitality, and the whole city is generally addicted to such ordinary and standing houses, as it would make a man muse how they are able to bear it out, but only for the goodness of God, the upholder of hospitalitie. What should I say also of their alms daily and hourly extended to the needy! so that the poor are so charitably succoured, as they make the whole citie in effect their hospital." No doubt, Father Fitzsimon had those six or eight guests about him or his hosts every day, not merely to satisfy his expansive nature, but to further the work of his mission. Doubtless, the guests were often Protestants, who were more hungry for truth than for a dinner, and many of whom owed their conversion to the table-talk of Father Fitzsimon, as Sir Everard Digby and others were brought to the Church by Father Gerard, who gained souls to God, not only at a dinner-table, but also in the hunting-field.

In July, 1600, Father Field says, Father Fitzsimon "had been in close custody for two months, but now enjoys a little more liberty." About the same time Cecil is informed that

"Harry Fitzsimon, now a prisoner in Dublin, who gallantly maintained the Bull of Pius Quintus against her Majesty, was educated in the Irish College of Douay, and his spleen against the State was grafted in him only there; in it at present are sixty young gentlemen, eldest sons of the principal gentlemen of the Pale, and they all speak Irish."¹

For three years and a half he was watched so closely that he could not write to Father General, whom he thus addresses in his letter of April, 1603: "Having at last found an opportunity of writing to your Paternity, I most joyfully avail of it." Now and then we hear something of him from others. On July 20, 1600, he is said by Father Field to have been in close custody for two months, but now enjoys a little more freedom. On September 20, 1601, he is visited by Father Leinich, who reports that he is in good spirits and resigned to God's will, and as he has some kind of freedom at present (*alguna libertad*) and there is hope of his being let out in a month, he says Mass sometimes, does a great deal of spiritual good in that place, converts heretics and schismatics, and solves cases of conscience presented to him by the faithful of the outer world. In February, 1603, he is reported by Father Field to be still a captive, but not in chains or close custody; in July Father Wall and Father O'Kearney reached Dublin, and reported that Fitzsimon, hearing of their arrival, wrote to them two or three letters, and they answered him by a long letter, which greatly consoled him. They could not possibly visit him, so strictly was he guarded on account of the *enmity of some* people towards him.² This hostility of the Dean of St. Patrick's and others may account for Father Fitzsimon's detention after Father Holywood had been liberated from Framlingham Castle, in the month of May, 1603. Father Holywood, on April 24, 1604, writes "from the Co. of Kildare in our Japan:" "Father Henry is offered liberty to go beyond the seas, but under certain conditions; it is a favour, indeed, but we shall examine at once whether and how it is to be accepted." The 6th of May he writes from the Co. of Dublin: "We expect every day the liberation of Father Henry, if indeed exile can be called liberty."

Father Fitzsimon says: "Being disappointed in my hopes of a controversy with the enemies of the faith, I desired to fall into their hands, provided it happened without any fault of

¹ State Papers, *Dom. Eliz.* an. 1600, p. 496.

² Letter of Wale and O'Kearney, July 4, 1604.

mine, that they might know where to find me. Instead of conclusions to be impugned I found insurmountable inclusion in the Castle; instead of fair conditions I was met by calumnious accusations of treason; instead of scholastic discussion I found cruel crosses and cages and strapados." The word which Father Fitzsimon uses, is *catasta*, which, according to the Latin dictionary, signifies, "cages, in which slaves were kept, or strapados, or the like, on which Christians used to be tortured." The prisoner continues: "From the time the Spaniards landed (September, 1601), before anything else was done, care was taken that I should be kept in the closest custody, and be deprived of books and of every comfort that might alleviate the monotonous misery of prison life. The official, to whose tender care I was confided, was a second 'Jonathas the Scribe,' and would to God that he found in me another Jeremy. By employing the most savage keepers he can find, by flogging some for being indulgent to me, by dismissing eight of them on that ground alone, and by suborning false witnesses against me, he shows the excess of his hatred against the name which we bear, and the end which we have in view. But nothing is so galling to him as to find that his ferocity provokes neither resistance nor resentment on my part. I have left nothing undone to appease and soften him, but in vain. While he held me in the closest confinement, reports were everywhere spread that 'I was about to become a Protestant, and to go to church in a few days, and that I had stated so with my own hand in a paper which he had in his possession.' As I enjoyed the friendship or exceeding goodwill of a great many, this report reached me very soon, and I at once went up to a high gallery, to which I have been sometimes able to go in order to take some fresh air. I saw a large number of persons assembled for various games or amusements in the court below, and I cried out to them, that I was so far from wishing to turn a Protestant, that I would rather become a Jew or a Turk. Thus I silenced the calumny, and strengthened and comforted the faithful; but I so incensed my enemies, that from that hour I have never been able to obtain the slightest indulgence or favour. During the time of my incarceration, one Bishop, three Franciscans, and six secular priests recovered their liberty by solicitation, money, or exchange of prisoners. No supplication, no influence, no favour, no justice or iniquity, no fair means nor foul means, could get freedom for me, for I was a Jesuit, though the least son of the

Society of Jesus. Blessed be that Name, so terrible and hateful to the enemies of God! 'He alone who receiveth that name, written in a white counter, knows and feels how sweet it is, and tastes and sees that its traffic is good.' My adversaries are every day in a thousand ways striving to destroy my life, and they hope soon to be able to put me to death. . . . I have been five years in prison, and I have been brought eight times before the Supreme Court, but I have always been, through God's goodness, superior to all circumstances, and proof against all attacks. The Governor of the prison has been my deadly enemy, and has often plotted against my life. For three years he watched most intently to catch me celebrating Mass. At last, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, he rushed in on me just as I was ending the *Pater noster* of the Mass. I saved the Sacred Host from the sacrilegious wretch; but he wrested the chalice from me, and the Divine Blood was sprinkled all about the cell. He took also the vestments. My conscience tells me that I had omitted nothing to prevent such a horrid sacrilege. But the cunning of the man who lies in wait is greater than all possible precaution. Through the malignity of this man, it is very difficult for any one to speak with me. He has surrounded me with the most cruel guards and spies that his malice could find out: nevertheless, by the Divine help, I have, in the space of one month, brought back to the bosom of the Church seven Protestants, one of whom is my head jailer. The Constable of the Castle was my deadly enemy. . . . I was in the midst of Dean Rider's friends, and *they never used such restraint and wardings to any criminal as to me.*"

To understand the meaning of these words of the prisoner, let us read them by the light of the history of contemporary "criminals." The restraints and miseries of prison life were appalling in those days, so long before the time of Howard, the philanthropist. A cell in Douay College, or even in Spike Island or Dartmoor, would be a paradise compared with a cell of Dublin Castle. I omit to speak of what this confessor of the faith suffered by the exclusion from all intercourse with his brethren at home or abroad, which, he often says, preyed much on his sensitive and affectionate soul; I omit to write of the annoyance he suffered from the calumnious report of his perversion, and from the ingenious cruelties of the Governor. I shall merely speak of his physical suffering. When Dr. Creagh was accused of running away from the Castle, he answered:

"I think no man shall wonder at my leaving Dublin Castle that should know how I was dealt therein withal; first in a hole, where, without candle there is no light in the world, and with a candle, when I had it, it was filled with the smoke thereof, that had there not been a hole in the next door to draw in breath, with my mouth set upon it, I had been perhaps shortlie undone. My dwelling in this tower for more than a month, would make a strong man wish for liberty, if for his life he could."

While Father Henry was in prison, de Burgo, Baron of Brittas, was thrown into the Castle, because he was a zealous and uncompromising Papist. While there this young Christian hero gave himself up to devotion, to the recitation of the Hours and the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to pious reading and meditation. He was so absorbed in these acts, that he did not mind the mice that swarmed on his bed, gnawed the bed-clothes and pillow, and crept on his body and on his neck.¹ Fitzsimon has not told us that he had formed a particular friendship with these interesting creatures; but if he were treated more cruelly than this noble "criminal," he must have been exposed to the same familiarities.

Another martyr, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, in 1611, was imprisoned in the Castle while Fitzsimon was there. This was the venerable Bishop of Down, who would have died of hunger and thirst, if necessity had not taught him an extraordinary way of getting something to eat and drink. There were in the Castle at that time persons imprisoned for political offences, who at their own expense provided themselves with the necessaries of life. They lived in a cell under that of the Bishop, who could hear the dull sounds of their voices, but could not see them or speak to them. Looking for some chink through which to make known his starving state to them, he found a loose brick, raised it, and through the aperture thus made was able to manifest his wants. His fellow-prisoners were more willing than able to help him, and offered him a crust of bread and a drink of beer; but could not find out how he could take it. The Bishop made a rope by tearing his trousers and drawers into strings, and in this way managed to haul up, now and then, a bit of stale loathsome bread and a glass of bad beer.²

If the Protestants used "mere restraints and wardings" with Fitzsimon, then with such "criminals" as the Primate of Armagh,

¹ Rothe's *Analecta*.

² *Ibid.*

the Bishop of Down, and the Baron of Brittas, he must have suffered much indeed.

The ministers persecuted him not without a purpose ; they endeavoured to break down and shatter his health and spirits : they isolated him and kept him in the darkness or twilight of a dungeon in order to dim the brilliancy of his intellect, and to blunt the keenness of his logic and the sharpness of his inexorable wit, and then force on him a discussion in their own time and on their own terms. But he never lost the elasticity and festivity of his temper, and his face never ceased to flash controversy on the enemies of the faith ; to one of whom, the Dean of St. Patrick's, he wrote : " I would *fain behold them in the face* that would term St. Austin, St. Gregory, and St. Bernard forgers and impostors, whom if I could but *look at* in a Christian assembly, I would not doubt but their own countenance, how shameless soever, would detect their atheistical impiety and presumption to be worthy of execration."

According to the historian of Oxford, he was esteemed the most able and astute disputant among the Catholics, and was so ready and quick, that few or none would undertake to deal with him, and he was so eager for the fray, that in prison he often said he was like a bear tied to a stake, and only wanted some one to bait him.

We may judge of his bearing from the following words addressed to him in prison by his opponents. Ussher says : " Mr. Fitzsimon, your spear belike is in your own conceit a weaver's beam, and your abilities such that you desire to encounter with the stoutest champion in the host of Israel, and, therefore, like the Philistine, you condemn me as being a boy." Bishop Rider writes : " Fitzsimon hath a fluent tongue ; he is bewitched with self-conceit ; is a gentleman well-learned, as Catholics account him. You must needs deal with him in writing, for otherwise in words he is too hard for a hundred of you, for you shall find him old dogge in *copia verborum, et inopia rerum*. He proclaims still, with his stentorian voice, to every corner of the kingdom, that Rider is overthrown horse and foot."

To this Fitzsimon answers : " You say you must deal with me in print because I am too hard for a hundred in speech. You are here 'taken by your own talk.' You cannot conceal the confusion you had ever in talking with me, when at every word I disproved and disturbed your conceits—which you heedfully proved to happen most seldom, and speedily to be

abrupted. I do but appeal to Mr. Tristram Eccleston, Constable of the Castle, whether it was so or no. If he will not disgrace his gossip, at least Mr. Alderman Jans, Luke Shee, Esquyer, and others, can tell the plunge you and Minister Baffe wallowed in at our last meeting. So, then, to God be glory, and never to me, you felt the brunt of my words at that time by your own confession to be irrefragable."¹

Again he writes: "On my arrival in my native land, I heard of the boasted readiness of the sectaries to hold discussions on points of belief, and I asked a safe conduct to hold a discussion in presence of the Governors of the kingdom. This I asked through two illustrious Catholics. The Council was astonished at the boldness of the request, and after deliberating for some days, refused to grant it. Seeing them afraid lest their errors would be exposed to the public, I tried in many ways to stimulate and provoke the chief Protestants, Hanmer and Challenor, to hold a private discussion with me. For the space of two years I was burning to dispute with them, even for this alone, that where my error had given disedification, my condemnation of error might wipe away the stain."

The first man whom the Jesuit challenged was Dr. Challenor, chief minister among the Protestants of his day, who calls Fitzsimon "cousin," and is called "cousin" by him; and such they were, it appears, for Rider says: "Maister Fitzsimon wrote to his cousin, Dr. Challenor." Fitzsimon gives us the following details about him: "As I knew that the Protestants considered Challenor as one of their champions, I challenged him. He refused to have any dealing with the Jesuits, because they were disliked by his Sovereign. This was an excuse created by his cowardice. Luke Challenor is their inert Achilles, but he is really an Acheloüs—a hissing serpent or a helpless bull who has lost his horns. He is a Doctor of Divinity, God bless the mark! and of such little wisdom, that he, to be a Doctor, could find no matter in Divinitie or other science of disputation, but out of all Divinitie and partly contrary to it, only these three ridiculous theses, which are in part blasphemous paradoxes: *Christ descended into Hell, The Church of Rome had apostatized, Ireland was not Peter's Patrimoine.* I knew him well in Dublin, he is a manifest seducer, notorious for his impiety and undutifulness to his mother, his levity with regard to celibacy, his perfidy in perjury and treachery, his dishonesty towards

¹ Rider's *Rescript and Caveat*, p. 53, and Fitzsimon's *Reply*, p. 44.

marriage, &c. He could not first allow any marriage of ministers, but now the spirit hath so moved him, that, after once being married and plentifully multiplied, he hath taken a second wife. His puritanical perfidie is witnessed in his Andronical treason against Doctor Haddoc. After giving him the right hand with protestations of friendship, he secretly trained a draught to apprehend him, fulfilling the saying of the Prophet Jeremy: 'In his mouth he speaketh peace with his friend, and secretly he layeth ambush for him.' Though this worthy would hold no discussion with a Jesuit, because a Jesuit was a traitor, he insulted Bishop O'Dovany and Father O'Locheran when they were standing at the foot of the gallows. He tried to prevent the octogenarian Bishop from saying his prayers, and 'to deal with' him, although he was about to be hanged as a 'traitor.' I presume he would have wished to see Fitzsimon 'the traitor' in the same position; but I am sure he would not even then have the courage to molest him, as he would be afraid of his 'transmarine logic, his fluency, his wit, and his stentorian voice.'"

Although Challenor would have no dealings with the Jesuit, another dignitary, Dean Meredith Hanmer, was prevailed upon to go to the Castle cell, and "to beard the lion in his den." He was a good kind of man, and as his memory has been neglected by Protestant historians, I will take the liberty of giving a brief sketch of him before I mention his relation with Fitzsimon. He was a Welshman, who became Chaplain of Christ Church in 1567; while he was Vicar of St. Leonard's, London, he converted the brass of several ancient monuments into coin. In 1581 he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, translated into English the Ecclesiastical Histories of Eusebius, Socrates, Evagrius, and Dorotheus, and he also wrote an Ecclesiastical chronography. About the same time he published two virulent books about Father Campion, one of which was called, *The Great Bragg and Challenge of Mr. Campion, a Jesuit lately arrived in England, confuted and answered*. In 1586 he became Treasurer of Christ Church, wrote an *Ephemeris of the Irish Saints* and a *Chronicle of Ireland*. He died of the plague in Dublin, in 1604. Father Fitzsimon thus tells us of his dealings with this Welsh worthy: "Hanmer, named in Father Campion's *Decem Rationes*, being prevailed upon by many high people, and, amongst others, by Sir William Warren, to dispute with me, came with them to my prison. As he remained

silent, I, trusting in the goodness of my cause, undertook to defend what was weakest on our side, and to attack what seemed strongest on theirs. Being nettled by this, and stimulated by the cries of his friends and by the fear of disgrace, he said aloud: 'Hem! now, how do you prove that any one besides God can remit sins?' I answered: 'He who baptizes remits sins; but man baptizes; therefore man remits sins. If you deny the major, you are a Puritan, and you sin against the 27th Article.' . . . 'Hang the Puritans,' said he; and, amid the jeers of all present, he turned to the Governor of the prison, and accused him of treason for allowing me to talk against the King's religion."

From that moment there was a tacit compact between Fitzsimon and Hanmer, as appears from a letter written by Fitzsimon in 1604, in which he says: "Before her death Elizabeth had exhausted all her resources, and had to pay her army with brass money, which was worthless. Those who refused to take it were fined. Thus trade, fairs, and buildings were interrupted, and great poverty was the result. He, who fed Elias and Paul and others through the ministry of ravens, helped me in my great need by Meredith Hanmer. This gentleman gave me a barrel of beer and a barrel of flour. Moreover, he gave me the use of his library, and he has become so attached to me that he does not allow any of the sectaries to speak ill of me, and he has breasted unpopularity for my sake. Since we have become acquainted, he avoids the pulpit and often attacks the Puritans. Hence he is suspected of a leaning towards Rome. However, the poor, dear soul is so much given to banqueting, and drinking, and jesting, and scoffing, that he will never have the wisdom of those who seek and find."

After Dean Hanmer's defeat, Ussher went to the prison and had some conversation with his kinsman the Jesuit. The biographers of this Protestant Primate give an absurd account of this affair, and they prop up their version of it by a real or forged letter of young Ussher. "In April, 1599, Essex arrived in Dublin. The University, in order to welcome their new Chancellor, had a solemn act performed for his entertainment, and Ussher was selected as the respondent in the philosophical disputation—a task which he performed with great applause. But he soon undertook a more serious disputation, encountering the learned Jesuit, Henry Fitzsimon." He wrote to the Jesuit as follows:

I was not prepared, Mr. Fitzsimon, to write unto you before you had first written unto me concerning some chief points of your religion, as at our last meeting you promised. But seeing that you have deferred the same (for reasons best known to yourself), I thought it not amiss to inquire further of your mind concerning the continuance of the conference begun between us. And to this I am rather moved because I am credibly informed of certain reports, which I would hardly be persuaded should proceed from him who, in my presence, pretended so great love and affection to me. If I am a boy, as it hath pleased you very contemptuously to name me, I give thanks to the Lord that my carriage towards you hath been such as could minister no just occasion to despise my youth. Your spear belike is, in your own conceit, a weaver's beam, and your abilities such, that you desire to encounter with the stoutest champion in the host of Israel: and, therefore, like the Philistine, you contemn me as being a boy. Yet this I would fain have you to know, that . . . I come in the name of the Lord of hosts, being persuaded that even out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He was able to show forth His own praises. For the further manifestation whereof I do again earnestly request you that, setting aside all vain comparison of persons, we may go plainly forward in examining the matters that rest in controversy between us. Otherwise I hope you will not be displeased if, as for your part you have begun, so I also, for my own part, may be bold for the clearing of myself and the truths which I profess, freely to make known what hath already passed concerning this matter. Thus entreating you in a few lines to make known unto me your purpose in this behalf, I end.

Tuas (*sic*) ad aras usque,

JAMES USSHER.

Many Protestant writers claim for Ussher a victory which I think must be relegated to the realm of myths; and I suspect the letter was never written, or, if written, never sent to Fitzsimon. Ussher, at the age of fourteen, reduced into synoptical tables all the facts of ancient history, and studied with care the Scriptures and St. Augustine's *Meditations*; from fifteen to sixteen he drew up in Latin an exact chronicle of the Bible as far as the Book of Kings; at seventeen, having got a good knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, he *fell to* the study of polemical Divinity, read Stapleton's *Fortress of Truth*, and most other books in defence of Popery, that were in greatest esteem at that time, and took a resolution to read over all the Fathers from the time of the Apostles to the Council of Trent.¹

No doubt this desultory reading, writing, and arithmetic of

¹ Ware's *Irish Bishops*.

a self-taught youth of eighteen was enough to make him very conceited and even very impertinent. But any one who has common sense, or a slight acquaintance with the nature of controversy, must see that this bolting and gluttonous study was poor training for an encounter with an old, a bold and practised disputant. His adversary was endowed with great natural gifts,¹ and, when a Protestant, "had devoted himself to the study of the disputed points of religion, his natural disposition being strongly inclined to controversy."² "At the age of twenty he was so far overweening of his profession that he thought he could convert to Protestantism any opponent whatever, and in fact did not find any ordinary Catholics whom he did not often gravel."³ As a Catholic, after his studies at the Universities of Paris and Pont-à-Mousson, and the College of Douay, he became thoroughly acquainted with all the controverted points of belief;⁴ having studied philosophy for three years at Pont-à-Mousson, he filled the chair of Mental Philosophy at Douay, where in his time there were three hundred and forty students in the classes of philosophy.⁵ He was the most able and astute disputant among the Catholics, and was so ready and quick that few or none would undertake to deal with him;⁶ and he had a fluent tongue, a stentorian voice, and in words he was too hard for a hundred.⁷ The moment he returned to Ireland he sent, through the Lord Deputy, a challenge to the Protestant ministers, and then he sent special challenges to Drs. Challenor and Hanmer,⁸ and he converted hundreds to the true religion. In 1598 one hundred of his converts of that year went to Communion at Easter; in 1599 he converted so many that in one day he received into the Church four Englishmen, of whom three were men of distinction. In his prison he converted many in the year 1601. In 1604 he converted seven Protestants in one month, and among them his head gaoler or keeper,⁹ and nine men of note between Easter and May. He says: "Neither

¹ "Magnis naturæ viribus instructus." (F. Young in *Life of Fitzsimon*, written in 1650.)

² Wood's *Athena Oxonienses*.

³ Fitzsimon, *On the Mass*, p. 115, and Epistle Dedicatory.

⁴ Wood's *Athena Oxonienses*.

⁵ *Annua Belgica*, S.J.

⁶ Wood's *Athena Oxonienses*.

⁷ Dean of St. Patrick's *Rescript*, No. ii. 14, 8, 7, 4, 6; *Caveat*, p. 53.

⁸ Fitzsimon's Letter to Father General in *Britannomachia*.

⁹ Letters of Father Fitzsimon, and Leinich, previously quoted.

to any other industry can I impute it, next to the effectual and merciful grace of God, to whom alone be all glory thereof, that, among hundred others by me reconciled, the ninth English minister in the very day of writing hereof (26th Oct., 1611) hath been purchased to the Christian and Catholic religion. I cannot, I say, ascribe it so much to any other observation as that I ever tied them to some irrevocable foundation, from which after they should not start or appeal."¹

The learned Protestant, Bayle, laughs at the whole story; the honest Protestant, Anthony Wood, says simply that the Jesuit "*grew weary of disputing*" with his youthful kinsman; a writer in Moreri's Dictionary scouts the tale, and says that Ussher in his best days would not have been a match for Fitzsimon.

Fitzsimon himself has left us a very simple and truthful account of the matter in a book which he published fourteen years after the event, little suspecting that a different version would be given forty years later, when he was in his grave. In dedicating his *Britannomachia* to Aquaviva, his Father General, he says:

"While I was a captive for five years in the Castle of Dublin, I did everything in my power to provoke the parsons to a discussion, except perhaps during the two years in which hardly any one was allowed to see me, so strictly was I guarded. Whenever I knew that they were passing in the corridors or castle-yard, I tried to see them, and by word or gesture to attract their attention towards me. But they neither wished to look up at me in the tower, nor did they pretend to hear me, when from the castle or the cell I challenged them in a stentorian voice. Once, indeed, a youth of eighteen came forward with the greatest trepidation of face and voice. He was a precocious boy, but not of a bad disposition and talent as it seemed. Perhaps he was rather greedy of applause. Anyhow, he was desirous of disputing about most abstruse points of divinity, although he had not yet finished the study of philosophy. I bid the youth bring me some proof that he was considered a fit champion by the Protestants, and I said that I would then enter into a discussion even with him. But as they did not at all think him a fit and proper person to defend them, he never again honoured me with his presence."

¹ Fitzsimon, *On the Mass*, p. 115, and Epistle Dedicatory.

I trust this foolish story of Ussher's triumph over his cousin, Fitzsimon, will not be reproduced in subsequent lives of our illustrious countryman. Long after both of them had been gathered to their fathers, Fitzsimon won a victory over Ussher. "James Ussher, a descendant of the Archbishop, was born in Dublin in 1720; he was successively a farmer, a linendraper, a Catholic clergyman, and for a time a school teacher, in partnership with Walker, the author of the *Pronouncing Dictionary*. He wrote a *Discourse on Taste*, in two vols., and some minor works.¹ Dr. Milner, in his *Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Irish*, says this Ussher was author of the *Free Inquiry*, a most able and learned scholar, and immediate descendant of Archbishop Ussher; but, taking himself to the study of Fitzsimon's works, he was so convinced by his arguments that he became a Catholic. Being a widower, he became a priest, and may be said to be the first writer who defended the faith in the face of the public."

¹ Webb's *Irish Biography*.

Whitman's Defects and Beauties.

WALT WHITMAN, notwithstanding his many great and glaring faults, is perhaps the most interesting living personality in American literature. His works have attracted the favourable attention of some of our most distinguished critics, and aroused the wrath of many others, not less distinguished, both in the country of his birth and in England. His American critics have been far more hostile in their attacks than the English, Whitman having among the latter his most sincere and enthusiastic admirers. It is our purpose briefly to examine his works with the object of pointing out some of the most characteristic peculiarities of style and thought, to which they owe their present almost unique position in literature.

Viewed in the light of accepted canons of poetic criticism, all Whitman's works (with one exception, which is quoted further on) would be found sadly defective; of this fact he himself is fully aware, and in the Introduction to his last volume, *November Boughs*, gives all critics warning in the following passage: "No one will get at my verses who insists upon viewing them as a literary performance, or attempt at such performance, or as aiming mainly towards art or æstheticism." On the same page he tells us the whole aim and object of his verses as follows: "'Leaves of Grass,' indeed (I cannot too often reiterate), has mainly been the outcropping of my own emotional and other personal nature—an attempt, from first to last, to put a *person*, a human being (myself, in the latter half of the nineteenth century in America), freely, fully, and truly on record. I could not find any similar personal record in current literature that satisfied me." "Leaves of Grass" is the title in which he includes all his works, and an apt one it is, for they are mainly of the earth, mingled with weeds and nettles, rarely with the delicate blooms which deck Nature's meadows. His leaves spring free and luxuriant, it is true, but rank, coarse, and uncultivated as the wild grass of the American prairies.

It is extremely doubtful whether the name of poet can with

propriety be applied to Whitman, since his works lack one of the first and most essential qualities of poetry—concrete and artistic expression. He is undoubtedly a great and original genius ; and would have been a very great poet had he possessed this indispensable faculty. But it was, apparently, beyond his power, as we draw from the following passage :

Speech is the twin of my vision—it is unequal to
measure itself :
It provokes me for ever,
It says sarcastically, Walt, you contain enough—why
don't you let it out then ?

He succeeded in letting it out, but not to his own satisfaction, and he consoles himself with making the following rather broad statement :

To elaborate is no avail—learned and unlearned feel
that it is so.

We cannot help thinking that this saying was the outcome of a train of thought, akin to that of our old friend the fox in the fable when he declared, and half convinced himself, of the sourness of the tempting but unreachable grapes. Whitman treats artistic expression in the same illogical fashion. Finding that it is unattainable by him, he dogmatically declares against it ; yet notwithstanding all this, there are still people in existence who prefer poetry of artistic structure, far before that which is merely rhapsodical.

The standard of poetic criticism is very high at present, and shows no signs of becoming lower ; the general taste is by no means drifting towards what we may style Whitmanism, and literature will produce no more Whitmans. He is tolerated as being the possessor of a fine genius, which might have achieved great things, properly directed and trained ; and it was only by the greatest and most unparalleled self-assertiveness that he at first compelled public attention. His conduct during the American War must have also been a powerful factor towards obtaining favourable recognition of his works, high-souled and unselfish as it was, running dreadful risks, and braving many dangers to relieve the wounded soldiers, both on the battlefield and in the hospital ; winning the admiration of many, and most notably that of Lincoln, who paid him a well-deserved compliment in saying : " Well, *he* looks like a man."

The series of poems, embraced under the title " Drum Taps," are the record of his experiences and reflections during this

trying period, and have an interest accordingly ; apart, however, from this personal interest, and notwithstanding their unmetrical form, many of these pieces are very soul-stirring and vivid sound pictures ; we hear the beat of the drums, the sharp rattle of the musketry, the booming of the artillery, the keen cries of the wounded men, and see the hurrying and excited crowds pushing onwards over the ground, slippery with blood of comrades and enemies alike ; see the new-made bridegroom tear himself from the bride, the son from the loving mother—all to do battle with and against their fellow-countrymen. Along with their great descriptiveness, many touches of genuine pathos are scattered through these realistic pictures of war.

One would naturally imagine that a poet thus embodying a great national crisis in his works, and with such undoubted vigour, would be extremely popular, and those works extensively read by his countrymen. Yet such is by no means the case as regards Whitman ; his admirers may be sincere, but they are very few, and this he knows and confesses himself. The cause of this non-popularity must be looked for elsewhere than in the thoughts and sentiments of the poems, since they are mostly manly and vigorous, such as should be appreciated by a people like the Americans, in the full vigour of youthful progression, were there not some great and glaring defects which kept their beauties from being fully appreciated. The formlessness of his style deters people from reading his works at the very beginning. If there were no other fault, this is in itself sufficient. The beauties are hidden beneath such a mass of crudities that very few readers will undertake the task of unearthing them.

"The City Dead-House" is an extremely pathetic piece ; and yet who reading it could help thinking of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," wherein a similar incident forms the theme, treated in the most artistic fashion ? And who contrasting the two would fail to mark the superior effect produced by Hood's poem, not by deeper pathos of sentiment, but by the consummate art of the poet in arranging the ideas in what we feel is the most eminently suitable form ?

As an instance of Whitman's pathetic power and of his most refined sentiment, we will quote a little poem which he calls "Reconciliation."

Word over all, beautiful as the sky !
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage
must in time be utterly lost ;

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly,
 softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world.
 For my enemy is dead—a man divine as myself is dead.
 I look where he lies, white-faced and still in the coffin—
 I draw near ;
 I bend down and touch lightly with my lips
 the white face in the coffin.

It is to be regretted that all his sentiments are not of so pure a type as that embodied in the above poem ; and it is not easy to recognize the same author in such poems as "Children of Adam," "Native Moments," and others of this class which we need not mention. Such productions have no redeeming feature to save them from the severest censure : it is very well for enthusiastic admirers to write of "occasional crudities," &c. Such pieces are worse than crude, worse than indelicate, they carry grossness to its very furthest extreme both in conception and expression ; calculated to do evil, as he confesses himself in the following manner :

For it is not for what I have put into it that I have
 written this book.
 Nor is it by reading it you will acquire it,
 Nor do those know me best who admire me and vaunt-
 ingly praise me.
 Nor will the candidates for my love (unless at most a
 very few) prove victorious,
 Nor will my poems do good only—they will do just as
 much evil, perhaps more.
 For all is useless without that which you may guess at
 many times and not hit—that which I hinted at.

We can understand the allusion, and see the truth of the statement in the above quotation, as to the evil tendency of some of his writings ; but, as to the others, we confess our inability to construe the smallest grain of sense or meaning therefrom, they will give the reader a fair idea as to Whitman's power of stringing together contradictory assertions and enigmatical paradoxes. His capability for this style of writing is admitted by those who know him best, it is a characteristic and most perplexing tendency of his, leaving sensible readers very doubtful as to the sincerity of any of his statements. He appears to be an enthusiastic impressionalist, and of the most unstable kind ; being such, his opinions on important subjects are of very little value. In his admiration for, and belief in, the greatness and progressiveness of his native land, he is more consistent than on most other subjects ; and the following little

address to America, from his last volume, is far better than many of his longer chants on the same subject.

Centre of equal daughters, equal sons,
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young, and old,
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,
Perennial with the Earth, with Freedom, Law, and Love,
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,
Chair'd in the adamant of Time.

How far Whitman's patriotic ideas of progress lead him in the development of socialistic doctrines, it is not our present purpose to inquire. This much, however, we will say, that he is not by any means a safe leader when dealing with such questions, but very apt to get lost himself in the devious and labyrinthine paths—leading to no destination—which have been left dark and unfinished by modern theorists. There is a great future before America and its workers, he believes, and adheres to this consistently enough; but what that future is to be like in its ethical aspect he gives us but the haziest ideas, and they are not of a character to favourably impress sensible people.

The "Song of the Broad Axe," and "Salut au Monde," are two of his longest poems. The first is a chant of Democracy and Labour, of a very vigorous character, suited to its subject; of the other, we may say that it almost justifies its name. Both are thoroughly characteristic examples of their author's best use of his peculiar style.

Whitman wrote two funeral hymns on the death of Lincoln. One of these entitled, "O Captain! my Captain!" is the only instance in which he attempts regular artistic structure. It is a really beautiful poem, and is entitled to quotation in its entirety, showing as it does the great results which he might have achieved with a proper and persevering cultivation of poetic form.

1.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But, O heart! heart! heart!
Leave you not the little spot
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

2.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells!
Rise up! for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills:

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding:
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

O Captain! dear father!
This arm I push beneath you,
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

3.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still:
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done:
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won!

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with silent tread,
Walk the spot my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

It was with feelings of regret mingled with surprise that we first read this almost perfect lyric—regret that we had but one such finished jewel among the vast formless masses of ore, cast out, as it were, from the mine in all their native crudeness—surprise that a poet capable of such expression could be contented in clothing even the meanest of his thoughts in a fashion so unattractive and uncouth as Whitman has persistently followed. A true poet ever yearns for what appears to be an unattainable ideal. It was this yearning of spirit, this feeling of an indefinable perfection, yet to be realized, which prompted the greatest poetess of modern times, perhaps the greatest of any time (Elizabeth Barrett Browning), to use these words: "I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better. I aspire to do better. It is no new form of the nympholepsy of poetry, that my ideal should fly before me, and if I cry out too hopefully at sight of the white vesture receding between the cypresses, let me be blamed gently if justly." All true poets know and feel the truth of these words, and as far as we know, it is a feeling which ends only with death itself. The world, in this respect, is never as severe a critic of a poet's works as he himself is. The world may ring with his name, and its praise, yet he feels that there is a height still to be gained. *Excelsior!* is the perpetual cry of the true poet. It can scarcely be Whitman's, for his latest remarks in prose show that he is thoroughly satisfied with his own work,¹ and would not retract or cancel one word of his grossest passages. He is disappointed, however, that very few others share his appreciative feelings. He has failed utterly, in his own time; this he admits, but still

¹ See Introduction to *November Boughs*.

looks to posterity for favourable acknowledgment ; and this we will say, that when this age to which he so confidently looks forward *does* arrive, when social laws are no longer based on the firm ground-work of religious belief, when religion itself becomes a myth, and every human being thinks and acts solely on the impulse of his own passions and feelings, when literary taste no longer exists, or exists only corrupt as its contemporary institutions, when the finest churches are stripped of their sacred adornments, and the stage stands where once stood the altar of God, and the pagan festivals are again revived—then Walt Whitman will indeed be a name to conjure with.

Of course when this Satanic millennium arrives, the above lyric, delicate in thought and perfect in loveliness of word-music, with such of his writings as display abstract or ideal beauty in the smallest degree, will have sunk into oblivion, along with the works of such poets as Keats, Longfellow, and Tennyson. The old order shall have completely changed, the lees of the wine shall be thirsted after, and the finer elements rejected. How a citizen of those *very* far-off days would smile at our weak taste in admiring such a passage as the following. It is from the second and longer funeral-hymn, "When Lilacs last in the Door-yard bloomed," on the death of Lincoln :

Then with the knowledge of Death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of Death close walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle, as with companions, and as holding
the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding, receiving night, that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp
in the dimness,
To the solemn, shadowy cedars, and ghostly pines so still.

This poem, although containing much impressive thought, and some really artistic touches of weird beauty, and sad suggestiveness, must as a work of art be placed beneath its companion poem. In some parts a certain similarity of thought recalls Poe's "Ulalume ;" but as will be at once observed from the quotation, bears no other comparison with that undoubted masterpiece.

There is a little poem in "Sands at Seventy," called Visages, which is remarkable in containing a positive assertion of the non-existence of virtue. It is as follows :

Of the visages of things—And of piercing through to the
accepted hells beneath.

Of ugliness—To me there is just as much in it as there is
in beauty—And now the ugliness of human beings
is acceptable to me.

Of detected persons. To me detected persons are not, in
any respect, worse than undetected persons—and are not,
in any respect, worse than I am myself.

Of criminals—To me, any judge, or any juror, is equally
criminal—and any reputable person is also—and the
President is also.

It is almost unnecessary to discuss the views set forth in this effusion: we could not expect from the author of "Sands at Seventy," encomiums of qualities, which are not even mentioned in all his previous works—save, perhaps, his random extollings about manly, vigorous beauty, and the self-satisfied views he sometimes sets forth about his own robust personality. Of female virtue or beauty he gives us no type; indeed, women are seldom mentioned by him; never in a creditable manner; no ideal female creations adorn his pages, and, naturally enough, ideal love finds no place there: treating, even rarely as he does, of such subjects, Whitman never gets beyond the earth, and his conceptions are gross and base accordingly.

To illustrate the great and genuine admiration he entertains for his own physique, we give the following little quotation from a very long poem or song of praise about himself:

Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of things,
while they discuss I am silent and go bathe and
admire myself.

An occasional touch like this is, perhaps, amusing, and the reader might pardon it as relieving the intolerable monotony of his works, did it not occur so often as to become not only monotonous in itself, but positively irritating. Walt Whitman is, evidently, the God of his idolatry, no other human being is at all comparable with him, in his own estimation, and addressing the city of his residence, he speaks of the great fame he is to enjoy as a poet, in that future which we have before alluded to:

City of orgies, walks, and joys !
City whom that I have lived and sung in your midst
will one day make you illustrious.

These are all the specimens we will give of Whitman's egotism; and as our space is almost exhausted, will devote the remainder to a few remarks on his works in general.

As will be observed from our second quotation from the Introduction to *November Boughs*, his main object is introspection—to put fully on record his own emotional and personal nature. The usefulness of this sort of writing, and its tendency for good or evil, depends, of course, mainly on the moral character of the writer, and his capability of subtle self-criticism. He must also be possessed of a great fearlessness, amounting almost to contempt, of the opinions of his fellow-men. In this latter faculty Whitman is by no means wanting—the opinion of the world he affects altogether to despise; but it is to be noted at the same time, that a strong desire for the world's appreciation of his works, on their own merits, is by no means unknown to him; although he tells us that they are not to be viewed as a “literary performance” or even an attempt at such performance, or as “aiming towards art or æstheticism.” It is satisfactory, at least, to know from himself, that he is conscious of their alarming deficiencies in those important respects; and we will now take a glance at their value as a personal record.

The personality they involve is not one to command or win admiration; the physical portion stands out in altogether too glaring a fashion, and its details are dwelt upon with an amount of egotistic bombast which is calculated to disgust the reader. In unfolding the moral portion he makes no distinction between virtue and vice, displaying virtues and vices alike for acclamation, in such a promiscuous manner as leads to the irresistible conclusion, that such a distinction is unknown to him. He seems to view the qualities and passions of the soul, in the same manner as he views the limbs and organs of the body, each and every one intended for a special purpose whose tendency must be beneficial: the defects, or rather, the absurdities of such a theory are obvious, not the least of which is his total overlooking of the possibility of a man's abusing his faculties, moral or physical: we hold as earnestly as he does, that every faculty with which God has endowed man is intended to serve a good purpose when properly directed: we do not forget that man is liable and has a tendency to pervert those faculties for the furtherance of evil. The words of Iago in the first act of *Othello*, have a peculiar applicability to this part of our subject: “If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions.” The scale

of reason is wanting in Whitman, and, true enough, his conclusions are most preposterous.

With all his faults, there was the material for a great poet in Walt Whitman ; but it was never cultivated beyond its raw, crude state. He reminds us of a deformed giant ; his strides are tremendous, but they are halting ; his voice is as the thunder, but harsh and grating ; his vision extends over an enormous area, but the eyes are distorted, and behold things in a distorted manner ; his mind, too, has become so accustomed to seeing things in this topsy-turvy condition, that he accepts this state as the right and natural one, will not brook contradiction, but acts accordingly. Had this giant been moulded as other men, had his vision been clear and direct, showing him things as they really existed, his mind would have formed clear judgments ; and his voice listened to as an oracle's. But it was not so, unfortunately, and America has yet to see her greatest national poet—for notwithstanding that in her comparatively short literary era, she has had many lyric singers of remarkable and exceptional excellence ; yet, there is not one who could be accepted as a great representative singer of her inmost heart and feelings ; or as an infallible embodiment of her marvellous progressive tendencies, democratic or otherwise. Such a singer Whitman might have been with proper cultivation of those qualities which we have already pointed out as essential. He has doggedly followed his own theories and style, in face of adverse criticism and friendly advice ; and the fruit of his persistency is failure.

WILLIAM O'LEARY CURTIS.

The Abolition of Serfdom in Europe.

2.—Germany.

LET us pass from France to Germany. Hallam tells us that "at the final separation of the French from the German side of the Charlemagne Empire by the Treaty of Verdun in 843, there was perhaps hardly any difference in the constitution of the two kingdoms."¹ The manorial system was firmly established throughout Germany. The laws of the Allemanni and of the Bavarians alike recognize the position of the *coloni* and the *servi* as on the Frankish side of the Rhine. The feudal system was established in Germany at a somewhat later period than in France. It is very difficult to trace any vestige of the "Free Village Community" which under the name of "Mark" has played so important a part in modern political theories. As in France, slavery, at the time of the separation, was fast becoming merged into serfdom. The *hörigen* of the German manors were the *ascripti glebæ*, while the *leibeigener* of mediæval German law, although he repudiated the title of "slave," was as much the private property of his lord as the Roman *servus*. These two classes, however, became in time confounded, and the *leibeigenen* became attached to the soil. The enormous number of captives taken by Henry the Fowler, in his conquest of Hungary in the tenth century, must have plentifully supplied the country with slaves too rude for any but agricultural labour, and these would naturally soon become attached to the land, and rise into serfs. Mr. Seebohm traces the process thus :

On the estates of the Church in the early years of the seventh century the humanizing power of Christian feeling had silently raised the status of the slave. It had dignified labour, and given him a property in his labour, securing to him not only one day in seven for rest to his weary and heavy-laden limbs, but also *three days in the week* wherein his labour was *his own*. From slavery he had risen into serfdom. And this serfdom of the quondam slave had become, in the

¹ *Middle Ages*, i. p. 202.

eyes of the still more weary and heavy-laden free labourers on their own land, so light a burden compared with their own—such was the lawless oppression of the age—that they willingly went to the Church and took upon them willingly the yoke of her serfdom, in order that they might find rest under her temporal as well as spiritual protection.¹

Mr. Seebohm points out that the only early instances upon which G. L. Von Maurer relies for his theory of the original German mark system and free village community are taken from the Cartulary of the Abbey of Lorsch, from which he cites one hundred and seven surrenders of property to the monastery. But an examination of these surrenders shows them to have been mostly little villas with *liti*, *liberti*, *coliberti*, and *mancipia* upon them—by no means free village communities.

As in France, the same spirit of Christianity brought about the emancipation, first of the slaves and then of the serfs. In 967, the Abbey of St. Arnould at Metz emancipated the inhabitants of Morvill on condition of their paying a rent. In 1248, Henry Duke of Brabant liberated all the labourers on his domains, and freed them from the mainmorte.²

The existence of the free cities, which afforded asylum to serfs who had taken refuge in them, hastened on the emancipation. Bremen was the first city so privileged by Frederick the First in 1186. In 1220, Frederick the Second published general decrees at the Council of Frankfort, forbidding serfs or slaves from taking refuge in any of the Imperial cities; but, in 1230, he granted the charters of asylum to the cities of Ratisbon and Vienna. In 1275 and 1290, Rudolph of Hapsburg granted to two cities of the northern league, the privilege of enfranchising a refugee after only one year's sojourn. Still the progress of emancipation was much slower in Germany than in France. Where free peasants and serfs are mingled together, the two classes have a tendency to amalgamate. Either the serfs will rise to the level of the free peasants, or the free peasants, as was the case with the Roman *coloni*, will sink to the level of the serfs, according to the general tendency of the country. In France the tendency was towards freedom, and so the French *villein* was free, while in Germany, as in England, he was a serf. No doubt, the vast amount of property held by the great monasteries in Germany made serfdom less oppressive, and the presence of so many Prince-Bishops at the Diet probably

¹ *English Village Community*, p. 328.

² Allard, *Esclaves*, &c. p. 299.

tended to mitigate the severity of the laws relating to the serfs. Yet the power of the German barons in their own little states was exceedingly great, and often arbitrarily abused. Robertson says that "the great body of the people was kept in a state but little removed from absolute servitude. In some places of Germany, people of the lowest class were so entirely in the power of their masters, as to be subject to personal and domestic slavery."¹ He then goes on to describe what we know to have been the normal condition of serfs, and continues: "These exactions though grievous, were born with patience, because they were customary and ancient; but when the progress of elegance and luxury, as well as the changes introduced into the art of war, came to increase the expense of government, and made it necessary for princes to levy occasional or stated taxes on their subjects, such impositions being new, appeared intolerable; and in Germany, these duties being laid chiefly upon beer, wine, and other necessities of life, affected the common people in the most sensible manner. The addition of such a load to their former burdens drove them to despair."² In 1526, they flew to arms near Ulm in Suabia: "The peasants in the adjacent country flocked to their standard, . . . and the contagion spreading from province to province, reached almost every part of Germany. Wherever they came, they plundered the monasteries, wasted the lands of their superiors, raised their castles, and massacred without mercy all persons of noble birth who were so unhappy as to fall into their hands."³ A Catholic might be suspected of unjust prejudice if he were to say that this rising of the peasants was the natural result of Luther's tract on *Christian Liberty*, in which he had exhorted the Germans to throw off the yoke of the priests and monks; but it is not possible thus to evade the testimony of the Protestant Robertson, who says:

These commotions happened at first in provinces of Germany where Luther's opinions had made little progress; and being excited wholly by political causes, had no connection with the disputed points in religion. But the phrenzy reaching at last those countries in which the Reformation was established, derived new strength from circumstances peculiar to them, and rose to a still greater pitch of extravagance. The Reformation, wherever it was received, increased that bold and innovating spirit to which it owed its birth. Men, who had the courage to overturn a system supported by everything which can command respect

¹ *Charles the Fifth*, bk. iv. p. 381.

² *Ibid.* p. 332.

³ *Ibid.* p. 333.

or reverence, were not to be overawed by any authority, how great or venerable soever. . . . No sooner, then, did the spirit of revolt break out in Thuringia, a province subject to the Elector of Saxony, the inhabitants of which were mostly converts to Lutheranism, than it assumed a new and more dangerous form. Thomas Münzer, one of Luther's disciples, had acquired a wonderful ascendant over the minds of the people. He propagated among them the wildest and most enthusiastic notions. . . . To aim at nothing more than abridging the power of the nobility, was now considered as a trifling and partial reformation, not worth the contending for; it was proposed to level every distinction among mankind, and by abolishing property to reduce them to their natural state of equality, in which all should receive their subsistence from one common stock. Münzer assured them, that the design was approved of by Heaven, and that the Almighty had in a dream ascertained him of its success. The peasants set about the execution of it, not only with the rage which animated those of their order in other parts of Germany, but with the order which enthusiasm inspires. They deposed the magistrates in all the cities of which they were masters; seized the lands of the nobles, and obliged such of them as they got into their hands, to put on the dress commonly worn by peasants, &c. (*Ibid.* pp. 335—337.)

The princes and nobles assembled such of their followers as remained faithful, and by their superior generalship soon divided and defeated these unwieldy mobs of fanatics; and it is estimated that no less than one hundred thousand of the peasants perished in this outbreak. In his *Table Talk*, Luther did not hesitate to say: "I, Martin Luther, I have shed the blood of the rebellious peasants; for I commanded them to be killed. Their blood is indeed upon my head." It was difficult for him to reply to the taunt of Erasmus: "You disclaim any connection with the insurgents, while they regard you as their parent, and as the author and expounder of their principles." He certainly exhorted the princes to put them down with terrible severity: "Strike, slay, front and rear; nothing is more devilish than sedition; it is a mad dog that bites you if you do not destroy it. There must be no sleep, no patience, no mercy; they are the children of the devil." Yet the demands of these poor deluded serfs, as set forth in their twelve articles, do not seem so unreasonable.

They demanded reduction of tithes, the abolition of serfdom, the restoration to all of fishing and hunting rights, and of the meadow-lands and commons which had once belonged to the people, the mitigation of forced labour, the right of cutting wood in the forests, the right of holding freehold land, and of

holding mortgage on the land of others, and the abolition of the fines paid to the lord on the death of a peasant by his widow and orphan children. When Louis, Count Palatine of the Rhine, asked Melancthon his opinion of these articles, the Reformer replied, "That it was his settled conviction, that the Germans had been granted a great deal more liberty than was beneficial to people so rude and uncultured, and that, as Governments can do no wrong, they may confiscate the communal lands and forests, and no one has a right to complain; they may confiscate the wealth of the Church, and no resistance should be made."

This unhappy insurrection threw back for at least a century the emancipation of the German serfs. The Bishops had disappeared from the Diets, and there was no one to plead their cause with the princess. "At the Diet of Güstrow, in 1607, the peasants were declared to be simple *coloni*, who were bound to give up possession of their lands, even of those that they might have held from time immemorial, at the desire of their landlords."¹ In 1621, an unlimited right of taxing them was assured to the lords, and if the serfs wished to run away, they were flogged. In 1660, the penalty of death was decreed against those who should leave the principality. In Pomerania, in 1616, the peasants were declared "serfs, and deprived of all civil rights." In the eighteenth century, the serfs on the royal domains of Prussia were emancipated, but M. de Tocqueville informs us—

In no part of Germany, at the close of the eighteenth century, was serfdom as yet completely abolished, and in the greater part of Germany the people were still literally *ascripti glebæ*, as in the middle ages. Almost all the soldiers who fought in the armies of Frederick the Second, and of Maria Theresa, were in reality serfs. In most of the German states, as late as 1788, a peasant could not quit his domain, and if he quitted it he might be pursued in all places wherever he could be found, and brought back by force. He could neither improve his condition, nor change his calling, nor marry without the good pleasure of his master. To the service of that master a large portion of his time was due. Labour rents (*corvées*) existed to their full extent, and absorbed in some of these countries three days in the week. The peasant rebuilt and repaired the mansion of the lord, carted his produce to market, drove his carriage, and went on his errands. Several years of the peasant's early life were spent in the domestic service of the manor-house. The serf . . . was obliged to till his field in a certain manner under the eye of the master, and he could neither dispose of it

¹ Döllinger, *The Church and the Churches*, p. 92. (English Trans.)

nor mortgage it at will. In some cases, he was compelled to sell its produce; in others he was restrained from selling it; his obligation to cultivate the ground was absolute.¹

These "services" are legalized by the code of Frederick the Great, although that code declared that serfdom, properly so-called (*leibeigenschaft*), inasmuch as it established personal servitude, was abolished, but the hereditary subjection (*erbunterthänigkeit*), which replaced it, and established these obligations, was certainly a kind of servitude. These provisions of the code were published by his successor at the time of the French Revolution.

Serfdom was abolished in Germany at the following dates:

In Baden, in 1783. In Hohenzollern, in 1804. In Schleswig and Holstein, in the same year. In Nassau, in 1808. In Prussia, on the royal domains, as early as 1717. In name by the code of Frederick; but in reality throughout Prussia, in 1809. In Bavaria, in 1808. In Westphalia and Lippe Detmold, in 1809. In Swedish Pomerania, from 1810. In Hesse Darmstadt, from 1811. In Würtemberg, from 1817. In Oldenburg, from 1814. In Mecklenburg, from 1820. In Saxony, from 1832. In Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, 1833. In Austria, Joseph the Second, like Frederick, had abolished the harsher kind of serfdom as early as 1782, but in its mitigated form, it lasted until 1811.²

M. Tissot, in his entertaining work entitled *Unknown Hungary*, gives an interesting account of the condition of the peasants in that country, which he drew from the lips of an old peasant of considerable intelligence, from which it appears that although serfdom was legally abolished under Joseph the Second and Maria Theresa, yet many of its restrictions still remained.

Those who were discontented with their masters were allowed to leave them, and to establish themselves on the property of another

¹ *France before the Revolution*, ii. c. i.

² De Tocqueville, op. cit. note vi. A German lady tells me her own experiences in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, when she was visiting there from 1867 to 1870. She says: "I found there to my astonishment a very distinct remnant of serfdom, probably that which is technically called *Erb-Unterthänigkeit*, although I do not remember hearing the expression. The fact was rather expressed by the tenants being *hörige*, the meaning of which would be 'belonging.' Neither the houses in which they lived, nor the small fields of which they had the use, were theirs; nor did they pay rent for them. No man is allowed to marry, or to leave the place without his master's permission. I do not know whether women are in the same position. There is no real poverty, because the master is bound to provide for all his tenants. He builds their school, pays the schoolmaster; the burial-ground is his. This is the general state in Mecklenburg." I have been told that in Hungary the tenant-farmers are even now obliged to arrange the marriages of their children exactly according to the dictation of their landlord.

proprietor, on the condition of giving six months' warning. The proprietor was also obliged to give up to the peasant a certain quantity of land, but he always managed to give him the very worst ; in exchange, the peasant owed him so many days of labour on the roads. In the evening at sunset, when he returned home tired out with his day's work, and had already stretched himself on his bed, the *heidukes* (they gave this name to the private gendarmes of the proprietors) came, and knocking with their sticks at the door of the peasant's hut, warned him that if he were not at work before daylight on the estate, he would be condemned to prison or the bastinado. Besides this, the peasant was forced to give so many days to carting ; he had also to go into the forest to cut wood, and when his proprietor went out hunting, he had to beat the woods for game ; he had also to pay a tax of a florin for each of his huts, and to furnish the kitchen of the château every year with two capons, two chickens, nineteen eggs, and five pounds of butter.

If the proprietor himself married, or married one of his daughters, each peasant had to give forty-two kreutzers, or to furnish provisions at half-price. If the proprietor was thrown into prison, the peasants were obliged to subscribe to pay his ransom. Did the proprietor attend the Diet, the peasant paid a Diet-tax ; that is, he had to furnish a certain sum for his master's expenses at the time. Did the peasant distil his brandy, he paid two florins for each cask of it ; in fact, out of every kind of harvest he had to pay a nineteenth part to his lord, and a tenth part to the clergy, and the same tithe was due on his bees, sheep, goats, and pigs.

In exchange for this disguised form of serfdom, the law gave him permission to appeal to the King when he was condemned to death, or sentenced to receive a hundred blows with a stick, and also the privilege of becoming an artisan, a merchant, or a priest, and of being ennobled.

Such was the condition of the peasants in Hungary during the earlier part of this century. M. Tissot asked if he were better off since his complete emancipation by the revolution in 1848 ?

"No, he is no better off," answered the old Beri. "Before 1848, we had no land, because only those who were noble could become possessors of the soil ; consequently we had nothing which they could take from us. But now, if we don't pay the taxes—and God knows they are augmented every year—they can seize our lands, and sell our furniture and our clothing, and turn us out into the road half-naked, and utterly without resources. Formerly, the proprietor gave us a field and a house, which could not be taken away from us, and so we had no cause for anxiety ; we had, it is true, to give him two or three days' labour in the week, and our wives had to go to the château and spin, but, after all, that was not much. We did not suffer in bad years : in case of famine, the proprietor had always enough corn in his granaries

to support us. But in the present day, you understand, the peasant is a free citizen, and he has no longer the right to have recourse to the liberality of his lord; he pays his tithe to the fiscal, good and bad years alike. Formerly the lord, as a rule, allowed his peasants to bring their oxen and sheep and horses to graze on his lands. The keep of our cattle cost us nothing, and we had oxen enough to cultivate our fields.

"But, since 1848, the peasant has been obliged to sell such of his cattle as he was not able to feed, and in consequence the land is deteriorated. He borrows enough from a Jew to enable him to buy a pair of oxen. But, if there is not a good crop that year, he can't pay the bills he has signed, and his property is seized. These ruined peasants engage themselves to the great proprietors, and in this way compose a class of pariahs—poor fellows—much worse off than the former serfs. To sum up, the peasant has only changed masters. He is to-day in the power of the Jew, or of some rich speculator, who neither knows nor cares for him."

"Was justice managed better formerly?" I asked, continuing my inquiries.

"Better according to our ideas, for the interminable cases were unknown. All was carried paternally before the lord, who settled the case on the spot; whilst now one must run at least ten times to the judge. Besides, punishment didn't cost anything more than a flogging, whilst to-day justice ruins you."¹

In Denmark, serfdom had disappeared soon after its conversion to Christianity. You will notice that in the eastern counties of England, peopled to a great extent by the Danes, there were fewer slaves and fewer *villani*, and many more *sochmanni* and *liberi homines* than in any other part of England. The number of the cottars, or lower class of serfs, may be accounted for by supposing them to have been the remains of the Saxon population reduced to serfdom. In Denmark itself, serfdom reappeared in the twelfth century with the establishment of the feudal system. In the sixteenth century, the condition of the serfs was rendered far more grievous by the secularization of the monasteries, where the serfs had enjoyed comparative liberty. Dr. Döllinger quotes an English historian, Allen,² to the effect that the change in the sixteenth century for the Danish peasants was most disastrous. He says:

The inhabitants of the great ecclesiastical properties had to exchange the mild rule of the clergy for the heavy yoke of the nobles.

¹ *Unknown Hungary*. By Victor Tissot (English Translation), vol. ii. 2-6, 1881.

² Döllinger, *The Church and the Churches*, p. 85; Allen's *History of the Kingdom of Denmark*, which was voted a prize by the Copenhagen Society as the best work of its kind.

The forced labour was multiplied, and the peasants treated as serfs. Agriculture fell below what it had been in the middle ages. The population diminished, the farms were abandoned. New privileges in favour of the nobility, cruel laws as to hunting—in 1537, by pulling out the eyes. Death for keeping a hound—completed the servitude and the degradation of the peasants, the burghers, and the clergy, so that the entire nation was trampled under the feet of eight or nine hundred gentlemen.

In Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, after the subjugation and spoliation of the Church, "declared that the commonage lands of the villages and hamlets, and even also the rivers, weirs, and mining districts—finally, even all uncultivated lands, were the property of the Crown."¹

Williams, in his *History of the Northern Governments*, says that in the eighteenth century :

The army of Denmark is composed of regular troops and militia. The greater part of the regular troops are foreigners, whom they pick up in different parts of Germany; and it cannot be otherwise, when one looks at the slavish condition of the peasants. The King believes that these serfs would make bad soldiers, and such is the idea that one has always had of them.

It was "not until 1804, that personal freedom was conferred on twenty thousand families, who had been in a state of servitude."²

Mr. Samuel Laing says :

About the year 1784, the spirit of the age began to make the feudal relations unprofitable as well as odious. The serfs would enlist in the army, or desert to the free towns, Hamburg or Lübeck, or emigrate, and set themselves free, leaving none but the aged and infirm to labour without wages on the estate. Some nobles, among the first, Count Bernstoff, emancipated their serfs, and paid day's wages for the labour they required on their estates. Some valued the serf's labour, and the land with his cottage, which he had for his subsistence, and converted the amount into a debt upon the little farm, which the serf had to pay interest for and redeem, but in the meantime was full proprietor of the land. . . . On the whole; the feudal vassals and serfs became proprietors of their several holdings, some remaining subject to a few servitudes, such as certain cartages of peat, wood, or corn, certain days' work in hay time or harvest, at certain rates, but all fixed, registered in the books of the local court, and placed beyond arbitrary exaction or oppression on the one hand, or evasion on the other.³

¹ Döllinger, op. cit. p. 86.

² P. 87.

³ S. Laing, *Notes on Denmark and the Duchies*, 1852.

The Scythe and the Sword.

A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE LAND I LIVE IN.

IT may be thought by some, who from prejudice or ignorance are not in a position to judge properly of the matter, that there is nothing in this part of England which is worth writing of or describing, so strange are the views held by outsiders of us Yorkshiremen, so peculiar the ideas which many people have respecting our land, people, and manners. There is an impression beyond our borders that we are never so happy as when engaged in a horse-dealing transaction, and it is quite true that we are fond of trade in that direction, and bad to overreach when it comes to a question of hard bargaining. Nevertheless, it is not true that we think of nothing else but horse-dealing, any more than that our county—or, at least, some parts of it—is not to be compared for natural beauties with other shires which have achieved more fame in that way. I have heard travelled men discourse of the fine scenery and beautiful landscapes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and of the grandeur of Devon and Cornwall, not to speak of Derbyshire and some parts of Wales, comparing divers districts of these to the country in Switzerland and Italy, which is, I understand, as fair as anything this earth can show ; but, in spite of that, it has always seemed to me that our own three Ridings can exhibit as many pleasing prospects as man need wish for, so that a Yorkshireman casting his eyes upon them must needs thank God that he has been placed to live his life amongst such delectable spots. For we have hill and valley, and broad tracts of luscious meadow-land where you may feed a thousand head of cattle and never hurt the luxuriance of the grass, and our rivers are comparable for quiet beauty with Trent or Severn, and our rocky defiles are often-times as wild as anything that

you will meet in Scotland or Cumberland. Then, again, our seaboard is such as few countries can show the like of, consisting as it does of rough promontory and rocky headland, joined with long stretches of brown sand, across which the North Sea's waves come tumbling cold and icy from Norroway. Nay, when I begin to think in good earnest of the matter, and to remember what I have seen in other days—for I have travelled somewhat myself—I am certain that for diversity of scenery you may roam the wide world over and never find a country so fair, so rich in Nature's gifts, so pleasing to the eye as my native Yorkshire.

And of all parts of this broad-acred land there is none which I so much love or admire as that in which the greater portion of my life hath been spent, though I indeed have seen the whole of the three Ridings, from Cronkley Fell to Featherbed Moss, and from Flamborough Head to Bowland Forest. There is a fine beauty about the dales of the North Riding, and I have seen sights upon the lonely wolds of Cleveland and Ryedale which did inspire me with feelings of awe and great wonder. And I have heard artists who understood these matters say that amongst those dales and hills there are scenes which not all the world can show the equal of. Howbeit I am no artist, though loving a good picture, but only a simple yeoman born and bred on the land and never so happy as when breathing in the fresh air of a spring morning as it steals to your nostrils over the breadth of a new-ploughed field, and so when it comes to a question of comparison between these districts, I give the palm to the broad meadow-lands and deep woods and gentle undulations of that corner of the West Riding where first I saw the light, where I have lived my life to this present time, where, please God, I shall die and lie at peace.

If you will take your chart of Yorkshire and draw with your pen a straight line from Doncaster to Wakefield, from Wakefield to Wetherby, from Wetherby to York, from York to Goole, and from Goole to Doncaster again, you will have enclosed the tract of land of which I have spoken. I question if you can find throughout the length and breadth of England a similar piece of country more rich in historical associations, more odorous of national life, more beautiful in its own quiet way. Here we have no great mountains, no rushing rivers, no awesome valleys, but the land rolls along in richness of wood and stream, thorpe and hamlet, the grey spires and towers of village churches rising

heavenward here and there, the red roofs of farmsteads, the tall gables of manors and halls peeping from the great groves of elm and beech and chestnut which stud the land everywhere in prodigal luxuriance. Right through this land runs the Great North Road like a silver streak, straight and direct, so that as I stand at my door o' nights I can hear the coaches rumbling north and south, and the quick gallop of horses hurried on by post-boys fearful of highwayman or footpad, of whom in this year of grace 1686 there are still many left amongst us. Branching from this noble highway go roads right and left, making communication between our villages and market-towns easy, and being in a general way of speaking well kept. Right merry market-towns, too, are they of which I speak, and not to be put down by any of their fellows in England. For there is merrie Wakefield, with its bridge and chapel, where battles have been fought and a King's son foully slain, and where in old times bows were made of right good Yorkshire ash or willow; and there is Pontefract, with its great castle, now falling into ruins, and its mighty Church of All Saints and half a score of ancient religious houses; and there is Selby, with its glorious abbey, whose towers and pinnacles you may see for many a square mile round about; and there is Wetherby, and Snaith, and Sherburn, and Thorne, each a fair market-town; and there is Goole, whence along the Ouse and Humber go ships even to the ports of Holland; and at the southern point there is Doncaster, breathing the air and spirit of English freedom; and at the northern there is York, the proud and beautiful city, whose great Minster looks forth across the embattled walls upon the broad lands beyond, like a fair mother watching her children. And between these market-towns, fenced in by wood and stream and meadow, and embowered in leafy hedgerows, stands many a smiling village and hamlet, with its old church and great manor or castle standing in the midst of broad parks and pleasaunces. Here and there, too, you may come across some homestead standing alone in its meadows and closes, and yet never so far from a village that its occupants are entirely neighbourless. A fair land and a rich it is, and dear to me, as I have already said, because it bore and nursed me, and has smiled upon me, year in, year out, when human eyes did not smile, comforting me by its very beauty when life seemed dark and inexplicable.

It was within four miles of the ancient and historic market-

town of Pontefract, where Kings have been imprisoned and done to death, that I, William Dale, yeoman, was born in the year of grace 1621. The home wherein I first drew breath is that in which I now live; I trust in God it may shelter me to the end and my children and grandchildren after me, for a right good house of stone it is, and was new tiled the year I came to man's estate, by Geoffrey Scholes, the mason, of Campsall, who did good and honest work in whatsoever he undertook. As for situation, it lieth somewhat lonely, but at a good altitude, and the air round about it is exceeding clear and pleasant to breathe. It stands on the left hand side of the Great North Road as you go from Doncaster to Ferrybridge, and is distant exactly one and a half miles from the cross-roads at Darrington and about three-quarters of a mile from Wentbridge. There is no house stands near it—save one or two cottages that I builded for convenience sake, it being somewhat of a long way for the men to walk from the neighbouring villages, and the road nothing like safe o' dark nights—nevertheless, we have never felt afraid of harm, albeit we were visited more than once in the troublous times by robbers, who thought to take advantage of our lonely position. However, they were but ill-requited for their pains, two of the rascals carrying away nothing better than a charge of lead in their persons, and the third being shot stone dead by my cowherd, Jacob Trusty, as he was striving to make forcible entry into the pantry window. Yet lonely indeed is the situation of Dale's Field, and some more used to company might fear the long winter evenings which we spend here. No feeling of this sort ever came over myself, who knew that all around me lay my own good land, nigh four hundred acres of it, grass and arable, of which my fathers had reaped the harvest for many a generation. Dales of Dale's Field there have always been since William the Conqueror came over; God knows whether there always will be, for I have seen ancient families dwindle away and perish root and branch, so that even my own good old stock may possibly in time die out, and our homestead vanish from the face of the earth, and our acres, for which we have more than once stood much hard contest, even to blood-shedding, be swallowed up in the estates around them.¹

¹ William Dale's fears on this ground were ultimately realized. There is now no trace of house or farmstead on the spot where he and his forefathers lived, and their acres are swallowed up in the neighbouring estates. Nevertheless, so strongly do old associations cling to the soil which reared them, that the meadows and closes there are called Dale's Fields to this day.—ED.

I have said that Dale's Field stands at a good altitude, which is indeed a grateful truth. For standing at my door of a clear evening, and looking east and north-east, I can behold the two great hills rising up near Selby, the one called Hambleton Haugh, the other Brayton Barugh, and beyond them the long nave and high tower of Selby Abbey itself. Between me and them stretches a wide country of wood and meadow, which I am never tired of gazing upon in the summer evenings when I sit in my window with pipe and glass. For it seems to smile and smile and smile, and the green of the woods blends with the brown of the soil, and the clear blue overhead looks down on both with a smile of benediction. Somewhat of a flat land it is, that country due east, but none the less fair, seeing that it holdeth many a fair village, whose spires shoot upwards out of the green and stand clearly defined against the sky. To the northward, too, we can see a fair distance, where the high ground rises beyond Ferrybridge and Brotherton, over whose slopes the Great North Road climbs on its way to York. A prospect of this sort is always most grateful to us who are born on the soil, and more to be preferred, because of its peaceful character and gentle undulations, than the bolder scenery which you will find in our northern dales. Nevertheless, if I am minded to look upon more diversified prospects, I am not far removed from such, for across my home-meadows lies the Vale of Went, than which I never saw aught more picturesque in all our land. A beautiful valley and a charming it is, as you would say did you but enter it at Church Smeaton, or even further east, and follow it to the hamlet of Wentbridge, where it widens and spreads itself out in the broad meadow-lands that stretch at the foot of the long rise of ground called Went Hill. Along this valley is much diversity of scenery, for sometimes the sides slope gently towards each other, and sometimes they are dark and rocky and frown with beetling masses of grey crag, and here and there are wild and barren, and in other places they are covered with luxuriant woods and groves of fir and pine. Nought fairer than Went Vale have I ever seen, especially as it presents itself in the early days of June, when all the trees are in leaf and the birds sing, sing, sing from morning till night, and the little stream of Went runs babbling along to join the Don some twenty miles away. Many a twist and turn does Went make as it flows through the valley. Now it is straight and placid, as between the mill-house and the bridge, and anon it

winds in and out in capricious fashion, so that there is one spot where I have often stood and hurled a stone that crossed the stream six times in the one throw. Wealth, too, it hath of birds'-nests, and many a time have I tumbled down its rough and gnarly crags or from the yielding branches of its trees when hunting for the haunts of magpie and jackdaw, thrush and blackbird.

If you will look at your chart again you will find that my farmstead of Dale's Field is removed but little space from the head of Went Hill. How many times have I stood there in the early morning, when the valley beneath was full of mist, the long banks of which dispersed as the sun rose and shone upon the land! A fair prospect it is from Went Hill top, for in the wide valley beneath lie villages and hamlets and manors that relieve the eye from the long stretches of brown and green. Across the vale rises Upton Beacon, where they lighted the great bonfire when the Spanish Armada came to attack us. Beneath it lies the hamlet of Thorpe, and a mile away the square tower of Badsworth Church rises from the thick woods that shut that village in. Further away, in the direction of Wakefield, lies Nostell and Wragby and Hemsworth, and many another fair village, and nearer at hand, to the northward, stands Ackworth and East Hardwick. Right at the head of the valley, and just peeping round the corner of the hill, is the village of Carleton, where for a brief season slept Oliver Cromwell and General Fairfax during the time of the siege of Pontefract Castle. And beyond Carleton, situate on high ground that shuts in the head of the valley like an amphitheatre, is Pontefract itself, its Church of St. Giles, in the market-place, standing out bold and distinct against the sky.

Now, to stand upon the summit of Went Hill and behold the prospect from thence, is always a pleasant matter, for there is the land to look upon, and the villages, and the meadows are full of grazing cattle, and the sheep are feeding busily adown the hillside, and there is a manner of thanksgiving in the air which did always affect my heart mightily, though why it should do so I know not, having never in my life been given to rhyming or reading of rhymes, save only Mr. William Shakspeare's folio of plays which my father did buy in York when I was but a lad. But of a Sunday evening when, the light lasting till a late hour, they did use to sing Evensong in the parish churches at six instead of three, as in winter and autumn, I have often stood

there with bowed and bared head listening reverently to the bells which sounded from all sides of me. Far across the valley were the bells of Pontefract and Ackworth and Badsworth, ringing out their peal with regular swing, and the bells of Darrington sounded over the hilltop, and those of Womersley sent their sound across the level land, and sometimes in the deep silence that followed when these were still, I caught the last faint tinkle of the bells of Smeaton making music across the woods and meadows. A beautiful and a holy sound it was, and raised in me a solemn feeling which not all the exhortations of Master Drumbleforth, our parson, could ever produce, though he indeed at one time did talk much and long to me of my soul's health, when it seemed as if my condition needed it.

It is amidst these scenes that my life hath been spent, and it is from them that what I have to tell must gain interest, if interest there can be in a plain chronicle of the doings of a simple farmer, whose lot it has been to live in somewhat troublous times and be dragged into the concerns thereof sorely against his will. It would best have suited me, as it suited my fathers before me, to have lived my life in the land undisturbed, to have had no greater matters to think of than the ploughing of the twelve-acre or the sowing of early wheat, to have taken no further journey than to York or Doncaster, and to have been free from affairs of State and difficulties of lawyers' making. Howbeit, Providence, which hath many things to provide for, ordained that my life for awhile was to be neither quiet nor ordinary, and did hustle and bustle me hither and thither like one of my own haycocks in a gale of wind. For in my earlier days I saw what no honest Englishman cares to see, namely, the country divided against itself, Englishman fighting with Englishman, Parliament against the Monarchy, so that oftentimes father fought against son and brother with brother, and the land was alive with Roundheads and Cavaliers, and peaceable citizens knew not what to make of things, and battles were fought, and the throne pulled down, and they laid siege to Pontefract Castle and dismantled it, and cut off the King's head before his own palace of Whitehall, at which sad business I, William Dale, was present, and have to this day a memento of, to wit, a kerchief steeped in His Majesty's blood. And in these declining years of my life—though I am, thank God, as hale and hearty a man as you will find in the three Ridings—I am minded, chiefly through the persuasions of my daughter

Dorothy, who is fond of her book, to write down with such small skill as I have or she can lend me, somewhat concerning my adventures in those evil days that came upon us in the middle of this present century.

CHAPTER II.

OF MY FAMILY, FRIENDS, NEIGHBOURS, AND ENEMIES.

IT would appear most fitting to the proper usages that, before going further, I should tell you something about our family and the mode of life we kept in my younger days, and also some particulars of our neighbours and friends, and likewise of our enemies, of whom you will hear no little before this history closes. And to begin with my own family first—we Dales are of an ancient race, and have lived at Dale's Field certainly since the time of the Conquest, and, I doubt not, even before that. That we are proud of our ancient birth and of the fact that age after age we have tilled our own land, goes without saying. It is, I think, an innocent pride, and not of the nature of that vainglory which we are commanded as good Christians to eschew.

There were four of us in family at Dale's Field: my father, John Dale; my mother, Susannah Dale; my sister Lucy, and myself. To speak of my father first. He was a great man, a man of tall stature and broad shoulders, and his face was of the colour of a rising sun, red and healthy, and tanned with exposure to wind and rain and summer heat. A right hearty man he was, and was never known to refuse his meals. A healthy appetite, indeed, he always had, as most men have who, like him, are out of their beds and about their business ere ever Sol hath risen from the eastern horizon. Up and about was he at five in summer and six in winter, and would roundly rate any man that came to stall or stable a minute later than those hours. For he himself was abed by nine o' the clock, and could not understand why a man wanted more than eight hours' sleep. Once up, he would bustle about from stable to mistal, from barn to rickyard, urging on his men with cheery voice or honest scolding—for he was a scrupulously fair master, and praised or blamed as need arose—and seeing the day's labour fairly commenced, until half-past seven, when breakfast was served in our

great kitchen, and master and men sat down together. A custom indeed it hath always been in our family, and one which I have religiously preserved, for all under the roof eat together, according to their various station of life. Thus my father and mother sat at a cross-table with Lucy and myself, and the men were placed in order at long tables set out on either side of the great kitchen. Nor did the meat served at our table differ from that served at our servants', for it was my father's opinion that master and man, who shared the toils of the land, should also share the produce thereof, wherefore no man of ours was ever stinted of beef or beer or bread.

My father's mode of life was as simple and regular as well could be. After breakfast—whereat he always drank no more than a quart of small ale, holding that no one should drink much liquor before noon—he went forth to ride round his fields, mounted on a little white mare named Dumpling, which was an animal of exceeding strength though low stature. How many miles he had ridden upon Dumpling, I know not; yet Jack Drumbleforth, our parson's son, did once compute it at some thousands. Nor was Jack far out in his reckoning, for my father and Dumpling were used to turn out of the yard as the kitchen clock struck nine, and did not appear again until noon, the intervening hours being passed in riding up one field and down another, or in cantering along the road to Darrington to give an order to blacksmith or carpenter. After dinner in the great kitchen, my father would smoke a pipe in my mother's parlour, and drink a glass of strong waters, and may be fall asleep for the space of half an hour, after which he would arise and shake himself, and go forth and mount Dumpling once more and ride out amongst his men. And at supper-time he would talk to my mother of the day's doings and the weather, and would then smoke more tobacco—which habit was just then becoming popular—and drink ale out of his own silver flagon, and at nine o'clock would lock up his house and go to bed, where he slept, as he himself hath often said, without dream or even turning over, until the cocks began to crow in the yard outside.

Upon Saturdays it was my father's custom, having eaten a larger breakfast than usual, to attire himself in his second best suit of clothes, and make ready to ride into Pontefract market. There were times when my mother went with him, and then the light cart was brought out of the shed, and

Dobbin, the brown horse, harnessed in the shafts, for Dumpling would never abide other gear than a saddle. When my father went alone, however, Dumpling was extra well groomed, and wore the new bridle and stirrups, and the two departed about ten o'clock, my father carrying little bags of wheat or barley samples in his pockets, to show to them that dealt in such matters. Other produce which went to market, or stock like cattle or sheep, was taken thither by Jacob Trusty or Timothy Grass earlier in the morning. All day long would my father remain at market, dining at the farmer's ordinary, and when business was done remaining an hour longer to drink with his friends and acquaintance. Nevertheless, he always strove to arrive at his home ere night fell, for the road was here and there of a lonely nature, and there were dangerous characters abroad.

Once, indeed, coming home from Pontefract market, my father did light upon an adventure which had been like to put an end to him for ever. It chanced that Jacob Trusty, our cowherd, had that day driven four-and-twenty young beasts to market, and there my father speedily sold them to Richard Myles, the butcher, who paid him for the same openly in the street. And as they were counting the money my father took notice of two evil-looking men, habited like north country cattle-drovers, who hung about in the crowd and cast longing glances at Dick Myles' bag of money. Howbeit, he lost sight of them and thought no more upon the matter. But riding homewards, between the cross-roads at Darrington and Dale's Field, and being come to the great plantation which occurs 'twixt the mile-stones, two men mounted did suddenly ride out of the trees, and commanded him to halt and deliver. Whereupon, Dumpling, responding, shot out like an arrow and flew homewards, and my father, bending low over her shoulders, heard two bullets whistle above his head. And the men following hard, it became a question whether or not they would come up to him before Dale's Field was reached. More than one shot did they fire, but Dumpling galloped fast, and outstripped the taller brutes ridden by the highwaymen. But when the yard gate was reached the pursuers were almost upon them, and if it had not been that my mother heard the unwonted clatter of Dumpling's feet, my father had been slain at his own door. Howbeit, she, hearing the commotion, opened the house door, and my father leaping off, entered, bringing Dumpling with him, and barred the door behind them. And while

Dumpling and my mother, the one trembling and all of a lather, and the other frightened and fearful, stood in the great kitchen, my father took down his fowling-piece and ran upstairs, and there from a little window did let fly at the men to such purpose that one of them screamed and reeled, and both rode off as hard as their brutes could carry them. And the next morning there was blood on the paving of the yard, so that we judged that the villains had received more than they ever wished to have.

As for my mother, Susannah Dale, she was the daughter of Master Richard Challoner, the corn miller of Ackworth, who left her a tidy portion at his death. She was a tall, fine woman, well suited to marry such a man as my father, of whom indeed she cherished a great affection, as he did of her, both thinking there was no such husband or wife in all the land. A capital housewife she was, and had a manner of preserving plums which was famous for twenty miles around, so that it became usual to say of a fresh-looking old man or woman that he or she was as well-conserved as Mistress Dale's damsons. For the other matters which appertain to good housewifery she had a natural turn, and found great occasion of delight in curing hams and flitches, and rearing poultry of various sorts, in making up butter into curious devices, and in seeing that the apples, pears, plums, apricots, and gooseberries were properly attended to. There was never a weed in the kitchen-garden, and she would never have slept at night if she had not previously seen with her own eyes that the hen-roost and pigeon-cote were secured from the foxes, who are always prowling round to see what they can pick up. Nor was there ever a weakly calf that she did not nurture with new milk, feeding it with spoon or quill until it seemed likely to do for itself. As for sewing, and mending, and making of new garments, she was indefatigable at it, and had always her knitting in her hand as she sat by the wood-fire in her parlour, which was an exceeding pleasant apartment where all the preserves were kept, and the white table linen and napery, of which she had much store, and the six silver forks given to her by her father at her marriage, with other matters, over which she loved to keep a vigilant watch. Also in that chamber there was a deep window-seat, filled with plants in scarlet-coloured pots, which she watered and tended every morning. And over against my mother's chair, in which no one else ever sat, there was fixed an

oaken shelf, made by our carpenter, which held certain books, her own property, out of which she read much. There was the Bishop's Bible, printed in 1568, and King James' Bible, which they began to sell in 1611, and there was Mr. Francis Quarles' *Pentalogia, or the Quintessence of Meditation*, and Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and Purchas, his *Pilgrimage*, and Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie*, and the *Compleat Farrier*, out of which my mother was wont to read a cure for horse or cow temporarily afflicted, and there was Mr. William Shakspeare's Plays, and Master Latimer's *Sermons on the Ploughers*, and various others, all of which she read, being a great scholar in her way. But my father read little, save a chapter in the Bible every Sunday night; nevertheless, he was a great admirer of my mother's learning, and did often say that there was no clerk in the archdiocese of York who knew more of book-craft than she did. And indeed she did often divert us in the long winter evenings by reading to us out of Mr. Shakspeare's folio, which she accomplished in a manner so remarkable that we were moved to tears or laughter as the case might be, over the woes or humours of Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet, Sir John Falstaff and Mrs. Page. At these times my father would get so interested that he would conceive the matter to be real, and if there came a fight or an argument would shout forth his council to the side he favoured.

Although our situation at Dale's Field was somewhat lonely and retired, we were not without company. For the village of Darrington, as I have already told you, lieth but a mile and three quarters along the highway, and to Darrington Church we were accustomed to proceed every Sunday morning, wet or fine, hot or cold, throughout the year, my father holding that attendance upon Divine Service was good preparation for the coming week. A pleasant walk indeed it was in summer, between the tall hedgerows and under the shadow of the ancient trees that line the roadside, and we were accustomed to look forward to it. Upon reaching the village we were used to meet with a stream of villagers going churchwards, with some of whom, our acquaintances, we fell in, discoursing of various matters until we came to the churchyard, where the people always fell into groups to wait the arrival of the vicar. A pretty sight it was—the old, worn church in the background, the groups of boys round the ancient sun-dial over against the porch, the farmers in their best, chatting

soberly about the harvest prospects, their wives discoursing domestic affairs, the young maidens, very gay as to their garments, smiling and whispering amongst themselves, and the young men eyeing the maidens. Then there were old men and old women, who came slowly up the paths and blessed everybody they spoke to, and somewhere about the porch hovered the parish constable, with his appurtenances of office, striking terror into the hearts of all who were naughtily disposed. And high above these groups sounded the music of the bells, of which there are three. These, we always thought, did use to say, "Come to church, come to church, come to church," but Jacob Trusty, our cowherd, said that they inquired, "Who beats us, who beats us, who beats us?" However, they made fine jangling music, and could be heard right away at Dale's Field, ere ever we set out down the road.

At five minutes to eleven two of the bells ceased ringing, and the third rang all alone until the hour. Then did late-comers, hearing the solitary bell, hurry their movements, and then did the Reverend Nathaniel Drumbleforth, our parson, come through the vicarage garden and approach the churchyard. A fine figure, too, he made of a Sunday morning, being habited in cassock, and gown, and bands, and wearing his best silver buckles and four-cornered cap, and the bow he would make to the assembled groups, as he passed between them, was as fine as anything you can see at Court. To be sure, he was a college man and had much learning, and had, it was even said, once written a learned work, so that it was only likely he should excel in courtliness. And when he had greeted us all and we him, he led the way into church and put his surplice on, and went into the reading-desk, and Thomas Cludde, the sexton, made ready to give due answer, and the bell ceased ringing above, and the service began with "Render your hearts and not your garments."

As for myself, in my younger days I was chiefly occupied during the time of Divine Service in thinking about other matters. For there were matters which did more easily claim a lad's attention than the reading and discoursing of Parson Drumbleforth, such as the performance of the village musicians, who sat in the chancel and played hymn tunes, and the flying about of the swallows and sparrows, who came in through the open windows and twittered in the beams overhead. Likewise, in summer and spring there came to our ears from the meadows

outside the humming of bees and countless insects, who were flitting from flower to flower, mingled with the lowing of cattle and occasional neighing of horses. These things necessarily distracted my attention—to wit, I used to wonder if there were eggs or fledglings in the swallow's nest which I could see under the arch of the chancel, or if the sparrows were still building in the tower, or if that were Farmer Denby's roan cow that mooed so loudly under the western window. To the musicians I gave great heed, for their performance was considered very fine. There was amongst them a violin, first and second, and a double bass, a couple of flutes, and a serpent, and when they were minded to exert themselves they made a brave show, and the hymns went trippingly.

When Parson Drumbleforth ascended the pulpit and gave forth his text, our churchwardens were used to take up their rods of office and leave the church for a visit to the two ale-houses. This indeed is a time-honoured observance, and one that no churchwarden worthy the name will ever forego. For the churchwarden, bearing in mind that every able-bodied man should, in duty to God and the King, present himself at Divine Office, must, when sermon begins, assume his rod and go forth to see that no idler tarrieth drinking and carousing in the taverns. It hath been said by persons of a suspicious nature that the wardens are not above taking a mug of small ale themselves when on these visits, but that is neither here nor there, for their vocation is one of much arduous duty, and small ale hurteth no man. However, when they have visited the inns and hauled forth any that linger there, they return to the church, where the parson is just finishing his discourse, and do assist, if need be, in whatever matter is to be attended to.

Very often, upon a Sunday, one or other of our neighbours at Darrington would accompany us home to Dale's Field, and share our dinner, remaining afterwards to smoke a pipe of tobacco with my father. And about once a week came Parson Drumbleforth to sup with us, and discourse upon the crops and the news from London, which were great occasions, and served to relieve the monotony in which we had otherwise lived. Then, too, there were always farmers, or drovers, or cattle-dealers upon the road, and these would come in for half an hour and refresh themselves, so that we were not without news of the great world, which was also communicated to us by the passing coaches, post-chaises, and chariots continually hastening to or

from London and York. Now and then my mother would take Lucy and myself, and pay a visit of ceremony to some farmer's wife at Darrington or Wentbridge, upon which occasions we were used to play with the children of the house, and explore their orchards, and gardens, and buildings, though we never saw any so good as our own at Dale's Field.

As for enemies we had none save the Watsons of Castle Hill, who were yeomen like ourselves, and had been on the land and in deadly feud with the Dales for many a century. Never did a Dale speak to a Watson unless provoked thereto by anger or wrong done, and then the word was as oft as not accompanied by a blow. And the cause of dispute was this—between our land and that of the Watsons lay a broad strip of moorland, over which each family claimed a right, to the exclusion of the other. When, as often happened for years, neither house strove to take possession of the debateable piece of ground, matters were quiet between them, but when one drove thereon a herd of cattle or flock of sheep, then arose a conflict and hot argument, and heads were broken. So it had continued to be for many a generation, and so it was when I came into the world, so that people made the matter a proverb, and spoke of far removed things as being as widely separated as a Dale and a Watson. But out of that ancient feud and the ill blood and evil passions it engendered much misery was to result, as I shall show ere this story be brought to an end.

CHAPTER III.

OF MY FIRST MEETING WITH ROSE LISLE.

UPON a certain fine afternoon in the early spring of 1631, dinner being well over, and my father smoking his pipe in the chimney corner, while my mother was busied elsewhere on some matter of domestic importance, I went out into the fold, and there came across Jacob Trusty, our cowherd, who was just then feeding twelve fat beasts intended for an approaching cattle-fair at Wakefield. And having nought to do I approached Jacob with a view to hearing him talk. Many an hour indeed had I spent with Jacob Trusty in and about the farmstead, listening to his stories of bygone days, of which he carried a various collection in his mind, side by side with much

legendary lore concerning ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins. My mother, to be sure, said that Jacob was never so content as when talking to me, which perhaps was a natural thing seeing that he had nursed me on his knee almost as soon as I was born, and had always manifested a great interest in my doings. Nevertheless, to most other people Jacob Trusty was as cross-grained and surly as man well can be, and was hardly ever known to give a civil answer to any that made inquiry of him. He was even accustomed to give advice to my father, and to comment upon what things were done on the farm, and this, my father said, must be excused in Jacob, because he had been, man and boy, at Dale's Field for a matter of fifty-three years, and had fed the cattle in our fold under three Dales. A tall, powerfully-fashioned man was Jacob Trusty, with a great stoop in his broad shoulders, and a somewhat large nose which stood out of his face between the roundest and reddest cheeks that ever man had. As for his attire, it was always the same: a long smock that reached below his knee, and a round cap which was secured to his head by a woollen scarf that came over his ears, and was tied beneath his chin. From underneath his smock peeped Jacob's grey stockings, terminating in large boots of undressed leather, the soles of which were of such prodigious thickness as to make me wonder. When Jacob's duties took him to market at Pontefract or Wakefield, he added no more to his accustomed garb than a scarlet neck-cloth which he had once bought of a mercer in York. With this round his neck, and his thick ash cudgel in his hand, Jacob considered himself fit for the best company in the land.

Upon this particular afternoon, Jacob Trusty, when I drew near, was engaged in throwing a cart-load of turnips into the shed wherein his twelve fat cattle were then chained. Seeing me approach, he left off his work, and leaned both hands on the head of his four-pronged fork, looking waggishly at me across the turnip-heap.

"Well, Master William," said Jacob Trusty.

"Well, Jacob," said I, and began playing with a small, round turnip.

"Hast had a good dinner, William?" inquired Jacob.

"Very good, Jacob," I answered.

"That's well, William. For if there be one thing to thank the Lord heartily for, 'tis a good appetite. Beef, lad, and beer; sound, home-brewed beer, is what a Dale wants, for the Dales

are always big, great-boned men, and need support. Thy grandfather now—ah, what a man was that!”

“What! bigger than father, Jacob?”

“Od, man, aye, by two inches all ways. Natheless, thy father will do—only thou wilt be a bigger man than him by an inch. At least, if thou dost thy duty with cup and trencher. Ah, as for good ale, well, there was never ale like ours at Dale’s Field. I have been through the Riding, and should know.”

Jacob wiped his mouth with his hand, and stuck one prong of his fork into a turnip that betrayed an intention to roll down the hill. On beholding Jacob’s hand pass across his mouth, I knew what he wanted.

“Shall I fetch you a pot of ale, Jacob?” said I.

“Why,” said Jacob, meditatively, “a quart had I at dinner-time, and yet I do feel drouthy.”

Whereupon I went to the pantry, where my mother was counting out a sitting of eggs for the speckled hen to hatch, and begged a pot of ale for Jacob Trusty, the which I got with little trouble, Jacob being an old and valued servant, and deserving of little comforts now that he was getting into years. “Ah,” said Jacob, leaning against the tail of his cart, and removing the pewter from his mouth. “That does me a power o’ good, William. What a pity ’tis that the Lord in His mercy didn’t make all the rivers run good ale! What beautiful drinking there would ha’ been then.”

“But you couldn’t make ale without water, Jacob, and then, if the rivers ran ale, what would the cattle do?”

“Ah, what, indeed!” answered Jacob. “Poor ignorant creatures! Mind thee, William, lad, as thou goest through the world thou wilt see this difference ’twixt Christians and heathen men, namely, that the Christian man drinketh his ale like a man should, while your heathen cannot away with it. What! did not Will Stripe, that went to the wars from Badsworth village, and did travel almost to the world’s end, come back and tell us in the ale-house there that he had been in lands where there was no ale to be had? Wherefore, be thankful, lad, that thou art a Yorkshireman. As for me, I have lived on good ale, and true-fed beef, and wheaten bread, and am now sixty-and-eight years old, come Martinmas, and a strong man.”

Whereupon he tossed off his pot, and putting it down

turned to the turnips, and began to fling them into the shed with such energy that the air was dark with them, and the twelve fat oxen tugged at their chains in fear.

"And I were thee, Master William," suddenly said Jacob Trusty, looking up from his task, and leaning his double-chin meditatively upon the cross-bar of his fork, "and I were thee, I should go a birds'-nesting this fine afternoon."

"Birds'-nesting, Jacob! Why, there aren't any yet, are there? Isn't it too early?"

"Hist, lad! Dost know the old sheep-fold in Went Vale yonder? I saw a storm-cock's nest in the elm above it a week since. There will be eggs in that, I doubt not. Mind——"

But I was gone. I had not been a birds'-nesting that year, for it was but the second or third week in March, and with us the birds do not generally nest before April, saving the storm-cock, or missel-thrush, as some call it, which builds in March, so that when Jacob spoke of the matter I was fresh and eager, and crossed the fold and was over the wall, and running across the home meadows ere he could tell me to mind not to break my neck, with which counsel all his information usually ended.

It was a beautiful day, one of those perfect days which come in spring, and make us thank God for very joy of life. As I ran across the meadows that lie between Dale's Field and the head of Went Vale, I noticed that the grass wore a brighter green, that the hedgerows were beginning to bud, that the ash and elm were already starting into new life and that everything was foretelling the new arrival of what Master Herrick the poet calls "the sweet o' the year." Yea, as I ran alongside a great hedge seeking some convenient gap or opening, I became aware of the odour of violets, which is, I think, the most beautiful scent that ever delighted a man's nostrils. And eager as I was to get forward to the old sheep-fold, I could not but stop on smelling the violets, and gather a few. Only a country-bred lad, indeed, could find them so quickly as I did, for mark you, the violets are a modest and retiring people, and love to hide themselves from the common eye. So you must turn up the glossy broad leaves which cover their retreat, and push aside the brambles under whose protection they love to grow, and then you will find them, heavenly-blue and fragrant, nestling under the hedges like tender children that dread the rough world. And not only violets did I find

that afternoon, but also early primroses, whose pale yellow faces met me as soon as I entered the wood. And at seeing them I laughed aloud for joy, for it is a saying with us that spring is fairly come when primroses flower. And, laughing and singing, I went through the woods that stretch along the right bank of Went, making a posy of violets and primroses, and thinking how pleased my mother would be when I took them to her, and how she would put them in a jar of fresh water, and place them in the window-sill of her own chamber. For we country folk, though some might not think it of us, are fond of the flowers and blossoms that are all about our homes, and do make as much of our first primrose or violet as a town-bred fine dame will of a rare jewel.

With the blue sky peeping at me through the trees, and the crying of new-born lambs (true and blessed sign that spring is come again) in my ears, I went along the woods. I passed above the mill at Wentbridge, where the stream was pouring through the wheel-house like a cataract, and turned by a steep path towards the old sheep-fold, which was a rough place of four walls and a thatched roof, where we had kept sheep at such times as they were out at pasture in the valley just beneath. There was a clearing all round the sheep-fold, and this was edged in from the wood by a straggling belt of trees, amongst which the most prominent was a great elm that had once been struck by lightning, and had since only blossomed in a few of its boughs. And it was in the thick of these, where the fresh green shoots were just beginning to bud, that I espied the storm-cock's nest of which Jacob Trusty had told me.

Now I had never yet been daunted in the matter of climbing tree or tower, and as for fear, I knew not what it was, nevertheless, I paused and meditated before climbing the elm that afternoon. For the storm-cock, wise beyond his station, had fixed his house where the boughs were not strong enough to bear me or any boy capable of climbing. Nevertheless, I was not to be easily worsted, and spying a bough underneath the nest from which it seemed probable that I should be able to reach over, I took off cap and coat and began to climb up the rough trunk of the elm. This part of the business was easy enough, for a quantity of ivy grew round that elm, and the twisted strands made good purchase. Likewise, it was easy enough, when, having done with the ivy, I clambered out along

the bough towards the spot where the nest hung swaying in the twigs above. But being arrived there I came to a stand-still, for the nest was a good foot above the full stretch of my arm, and therefore out of my reach. This disconcerted me for a time, but I had made up my mind to carry home an egg in triumph, and therefore cast about for fresh means. And nothing seeming better than to lay hold of an overhanging bough, and swing myself up to the level of the nest, I seized upon one that hung conveniently, and proceeded to climb it hand over hand, my body meanwhile swinging in mid-air, in what my mother, had she been there, would have considered a dangerous fashion. And dangerous indeed it proved to be, for I had no sooner got to the level of the nest and peeped over and seen four eggs lying therein, than my right hand slipped, and I went tumbling through branch and bough with a great noise, and came to earth with such a prodigious bump that my eyes flashed fire, and my senses went clean away from me.

It was perhaps due to the thickness of my skull and the strength of my neck and shoulders that I was preserved from broken bones, for in falling I had turned clean over, and so pitched right upon my crown, just as a cat will always fall upon her feet. However, my head is a thick and somewhat wooden one, and after a time I sat up, and by dint of hard rubbing brought back my wits to their proper place, not without a feeling that they had else gone a wool-gathering, and a knowledge that my forehead and neck ached as though I had fallen from the church tower. Yet I minded the aches and pains not so much as that the storm-cock's nest still hung swaying in the branches high above me. For I had never, since being first put into breeches, liked to be beaten in anything, and I now reflected that the storm-cock had proved itself my master.

While I sat rubbing my head, and wondering what Jacob Trusty would say to my tumble, I heard a sound which made me pause and listen. It was the voice of a girl singing in the wood close by, a pure, sweet, clear voice, though childish, and the words it sang were these :

Spring is coming o'er the hill !
Primrose pale and daffodil,
Daisies white and rosy,
Now are springing from the soil.
Tread ye lightly, lest ye spoil
My Lady's posy.

Bring me, from some mossy stone,
Violets that all alone
Burst to perfect flower.
These, with snowdrops pure and white,
Wet with morning's dew, shall light
My Lady's bower !

Now as this song went on, the sounds came nearer and nearer, and at length I saw, coming up the path by which I had climbed towards the sheep-fold, a girl who carried a little basket of primroses and violets in one hand, and swung her little hood in the other. She saw me not as she came along the path, for I lay there still as any mouse, wondering who she might be. But when she came into the clearing and looked round her, she espied me, and stopped short as she was beginning another verse of her song. And so there we were, neither saying aught, but both staring wide-eyed at each other. And now if I were a poet or a spinner of fine words, such as they use in Courts and fashionable places, I might perhaps tell you with justice how my dear love, as she came to be in after years, looked upon that afternoon when I first set eyes upon her. For though she was then but a child of eight years old, she was already so bewitching that I could not but gaze at her with something like wonder in my lad's heart. She was like Little Red Riding Hood in the fairy tale, for her hood, swinging loosely from her tiny brown hand, was red, and the little cloak above her grey, homespun gown, was red, and she had dainty scarlet shoes upon her feet such as I had never seen. As for her face, it was dark and gipsy-like, and her hair, black as night, tumbled loosely on each side, and fell across her shoulders, and her eyes, large and wondering as she looked at me, were darker than her hair. Yet can I give no true account of her with words, for it would need the brush of some great painter to represent her as she seemed to me then, and as I remember her to this day.

Now when we had looked at each other for some minutes I tried to rise to my feet. But the buzzing in my head was by no means gone, and I was no sooner up than down again. Where-with my new acquaintance cast down her basket and ran to me, and looked at me with pitying eyes.

"Oh," cried she, "you are hurt, poor boy !"

"Nay," quoth I, "'tis nought. I have tumbled from higher trees than yon elm."

But she stayed not to hear me, but seized upon my cup and ran away, and presently came back with water in it with which

she wet my forehead like any skilled nurse, all the time telling me to lie still lest in rising I grew sick and fainted away. Howbeit, I, like all lads, grew restive under female treatment, and presently rose and put on my jacket and gave myself a mighty shake and felt right again, save for a slight ache in the back of my head. And this done, I stood looking at the little maiden, saying nothing, but wondering a good deal.

"And now," quoth she, "take hold of my hand, else you will fall again going down the path."

But I laughed and shook my head. "I am all right now," said I, and glanced up at the storm-cock's nest, half-minded to try it again. But my head was still running somewhat, and I made a vow to come back next day, so that if I fell once more there should be none to witness my defeat.

"What is your name?" said the little maid, presently.

"William Dale, and my father's name is William Dale too, and we live at Dale's Field," said I. "What is yours?"

"Mine is Rose Lisle."

"Lisle? There are no Lisles hereabouts," said I. "Where do you come from?"

"From a long way off—near London. Father brought me on his horse to Wentbridge two days since, and in a day or two he will come and take me away again."

Now, I know not why, but when Rose Lisle said that she was going away, there was a feeling of regret came into my heart. For indeed, I had never seen aught like her before, and might never, for aught I knew, see aught like her again.

CHAPTER IV.

OF PHILIP LISLE, AND HIS GOOD HORSE CÆSAR.

"I AM going to find primroses," said Rose, picking up her basket.

"I know where they grow," said I. "Come along, and I will show you the best places."

And so we went through the wood, gay as the spring air that breathed upon us, and talking childlike about ourselves and our fathers and of such matters as children best love to dwell on. And presently the shyness wore off and we ran along hand in hand amongst the trees, and I showed her where I had climbed the crags for the jackdaw's nest, and took her to the bank of the Went at the place where you can throw a stone across six

times in one cast, and from thence we wandered down stream to the mill, where the miller and his men peered at us through a mist of dusty whiteness, and the Went ran howling through the great wheel and fled away in thick circles of spume. And I told her about our farm of Dale's Field, and how many horses we had, and how many cattle and sheep, with many particulars concerning Dumpling the pony, and Jacob Trusty, and Timothy Grass, and other matters upon which I loved to talk. She in return told me that she lived in a town a long, long way off, as indeed it must have been, seeing that it was but an hour's ride from London itself. As for mother, or sister, or brother, she had none, nor ever remembered having, nor any other relation save her father, who was called Philip Lisle, and had business that took him much from home. And at Barnet, which was where they lived, they stayed with Mistress Goodfellow, who, said Rose, was an old woman and sometimes cross-grained. But her father, she said, was the most admirable man that ever lived, for he could sing and dance and play music upon several instruments, and tell stories and legends, so that when he was at home they were as happy as the day is long. But sometimes, she said, he was away a long time and she was lonely, until he came again, bringing her various rare things which he had found in his travels, and then they were happy once more. And now and then he took her with him when the weather was fine, she riding before him on his great horse, and he telling her stories of the fine houses they passed or the dark woods through which they rode. Much did she tell me too about her father's horse, which understood him when he talked to it as if it had been a Christian, and would follow him about, and ate bread and sugar out of his hand, and had more than once saved his life, though how she did not know.

In discourse like this Rose Lisle and I passed the afternoon, and I forgot the ache in my head in listening to her conversation. But as it drew near supper-time I was forced to leave her, and said good-bye to her with much regret, and she went down the lane into Wentbridge while I climbed the valley slope and went across the meadows home. And though I told Jacob Trusty about my tumble from the elm tree, yet I said nothing either to him or to my sister Lucy about Rose Lisle. Only I thought much about her and wished that she was going to stay in our neighbourhood, so that Lucy and myself might take her with us when we went birds'-nesting or blackberrying or nutting.

Upon the next afternoon I set off again to the old sheep-fold

determined to climb the elm with success. But I left Lucy at home, not being minded to let any one see me tumble down again. However, as fortune would have it, the storm-cock escaped once more, for I had no sooner got into the woods above Wentbridge Mill than I met Rose Lisle, who was once more gathering the primroses that were now springing up in every nook and corner. And so through the woods we went as on the previous day, and rambled in and out all the afternoon until we came to the mill again, where we stood beside the stream and watched the bits of stick and twig race by.

While we stood there I became aware of some one calling to us, and looking across the stream saw a man on horseback, at sight of whom Rose raised a glad cry.

"'Tis my father!" said she. "Will Dale, 'tis my father. Let us run round by the mill-bridge."

But I saw that the man was going to leap his horse across the stream, which is there about thirty feet in width. And calling to us to stand where we were, he turned his horse about and brought him at the Went, and the great brute tucked up his thighs and came clear across with a motion like a swallow flying. The man gave him an encouraging pat as he dismounted, and throwing the bridle loose, took Rose in his arms and lifted her up and kissed her.

"Well, my princess!" said he. "Here is thy father back again, safe and sound once more. Thy cheeks are the rosier, my beauty, for thy little outing."

And then he kissed her again on both cheeks, and I saw his eyes sparkle as if it were a great delight to him to see Rose again. He was a tall, fine man, this Philip Lisle, and looked like the sort that order and command other men naturally. His greatness was not of the sort that I was familiar with, for he was not like my father, tall and broad and big in every way, but rather slender and elegantly fashioned, and more like a willow-wand than an oak-tree. Nevertheless, there was that in his face which gave an impression of power, and I could not help noticing that his hands, which were very white and shapely, were also tense as bands of steel when he grasped anything. Looking at him I no longer wondered that Rose was dark, for Philip Lisle's hair and moustachios were like jet, and the eyes were black as the delicate eye-brows above them. He was dressed very much finer than most in our parts, and looked, in fact, like one of the gay cavaliers that sometimes rode by our

gates along the Great North Road. His horse, too, was finely caparisoned, and there were two pistols peeping out of the holsters on each side of the saddle, which shone so in the sunlight that I was sure they were fashioned of silver.

"And who is this bonny lad?" said Philip Lisle, turning to me with Rose still perched on his shoulder.

"It is William Dale, father, and he lives over the bend of the hill yonder," said Rose, while I stood and stared at the man's handsome face and fine clothes, and clean lost my tongue for admiration; "and he has shown me where the primroses grow best, and where the birds'-nests are, and where he fell down the crags from the jackdaw's nest."

"Ah, a Dale? Lad, I should have known thee. The Dales were always big men, as I have heard, though I never saw but two, thy grandfather and thy father. Thou wilt be a big man like them, Will."

"Does my father know you, then, sir?" I asked, being surprised to hear him speak thus familiarly of my family.

He laughed and stroked his horse's neck, the creature having come up to him and pushed his nose under Philip Lisle's arm.

"There are few, lad, that do not know me. However—but what thinkest thou of my horse, Will? Is't not a beauty? Ye have no horse in all the three Ridings like this. Cæsar his name is, for he is the emperor of the horse race, as Cæsar was of the human. However, he, too, like Cæsar, may fall a victim to treachery. But thy master will be there, old friend, will not he? Yea, whenever death comes, let it be red death, or black death, in bed or afield, it will find thee and me together."

The horse lifted its head and whinnied, and pushed its nose against the man's face, and I stood dumb to see the marvellous understanding between them. For it seemed to comprehend exactly what he said, which was what I had never seen in a horse before, save that they learn and obey the few words of command by which men make known their desires.

"But what talk I of death," said Philip Lisle, "with two such rosy faces before me? Children, would ye like a ride on horse Cæsar's back? Will, climb into my saddle, and I will put Rose behind thee. So, put thy feet in the stirrup-leathers. Thy legs are too short yet to reach the stirrups, though thou wilt quickly mend that matter. And now have no fear, but hold thy bridle tight, and Rose, my princess, cling firm to Will's waist, and thou, Cæsar, remember what thou carriest, and be on thy best behaviour. And now, off!"

And away we went over the ground on Cæsar's back at a swift canter, and yet travelling as safely as if we had been in an easy chair. For I had but to keep my knees well pressed to the saddle, as my father had taught me, and Rose had but to circle my waist with her dainty arms, and beyond that we had no trouble to take. But never before or since have I crossed a horse which went over the ground as that did. For it was like the motion of a greyhound, which runs straight and smooth and swift, and makes never a sound as the soft feet touch the ground and fly onward. And so we circled down the bank and turned, and came round again to where Philip Lisle stood. And he lifted us down and patted Cæsar's neck.

"Thou hast never ridden horse like that, Will, eh?" said he. "Ah, this horse hath soul in him, and mind. Well, we must hence. Rose, I am going to take thee home. We shall sleep at Retford to-night, and so say good-bye to Will Dale."

She came up to me where I stood silent and sad, and lifted up her little red rosebud of a mouth to kiss me. And, why I know not, I was so moved, that I put my arm about her neck and kissed her again and again, and then turned and cast down my eyes, and, I dare say, blushed as red as any June rose.

"Nay, lad," said Philip Lisle, "be not ashamed. Alack, I wonder if ye will kiss next time ye meet? Who knows?"

"Oh, father," cried Rose, "bring me again to see Will."

"Wouldst like to see Rose again, Will?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, very much," said I.

"Then thou shalt, but when I cannot say. Nevertheless thou shalt. And now farewell, Will. Stay, there is a guinea for thee. Put it in thy breeches pocket, lad."

He swung into the saddle, and, stooping down, lifted Rose before him and put one arm round her. And again he cried, "Farewell, Will Dale," and again Rose kissed the tips of her fingers to me, and he called to Cæsar, and the horse started forward like an arrow out of a bow, and away they went along the valley, and Rose's voice came to me on the wind, crying, "Good-bye, dear Will, good-bye!" And then they were out of sight, and I turned away and climbed the hill, and went straight to Jacob Trusty, who was bedding down his twelve fat oxen for the night.

"Jacob," said I, when I made sure that we were all alone in the straw-shed, "Jacob, did you ever hear of a man called Philip Lisle?"

"Aye, marry," said Jacob, sticking his fork into a great heap

of straw, and lifting the latter on his back with a prodigious grunt. "Aye, marry, have I! What, man, and so hast thou. Did I never tell 'ee of Black Phil?"

"What, Black Phil the highwayman? Is he the same as Philip Lisle?"

"Od's mercy, aye, and no other. Aye, Philip Lisle he was called once upon a time, but now Black Phil, by reason of his dark face. Natheless, 'tis a gentleman born, and hath rank and blood. But what matter—he is a highwayman, and must finally swing on gallow-tree. For look 'ee, William, boy, as you go through the world you will see one thing—namely, that if a man give himself to evil courses he may prosper for awhile, but 'tis the gallows in the end that rewardeth him, even as it saith in Holy Writ."

And Jacob went down the fold with his straw, and into the beast-place, and there made such a rattling and shouting amongst the fat oxen, that the whole place shook again. Which done, he came leisurely across the fold, picking up a fork full of straw here and there, and coming into the straw-shed again, continued his discourse.

"This trade of highwayman, William, boy, is a parlous one, and many a man that hath gone into it, hath oft wished he could get out on't as easy as he went in. For look you, lad, your highwayman, though he ride good horse and wear fine clothes, doth neither at his own expense, but rather at the cost of them whom he robbeth. Likewise he is against the law, which is a bad matter for any man. Howbeit, I had liefer be robbed by a highwayman than a lawyer, for your lawyer laughs in your face while he turns out your pockets, but your highwayman is as courtly as any fine court-madam. These things have I noticed, William, boy, in going through the world; for, though I be of this parish born and bred, I have travelled, yea, I have travelled even to the city of Lincoln, and again as far as Brough Hill in the county of Westmoreland, which last is as heathen a land as ever man knew, and full of high mountains and deep precipices. But as for this Black Phil now—'tis af good heart, and the poor folk do think a deal of him. For is he rob a lord, or may be a bishop, riding along the road in his own carriage, what doth he do but gallop off to some place where there is a hard winter or griping times, and there share the money? So that there is not a poor man 'twixt York and London that would not give Black Phil shelter and help if he were pursued by King's officers. However, he hath not

ridden in these parts this five year. And now, William, lad, go beg a mug of small beer from thy good mother, for my mouth is as dry as any lime-kiln."

When I had carried Jacob his mug of small ale, I left him and went and walked by myself in the garden. And there I thought over the events of the past two days, which had been more astonishing than any that had ever come into my young life previously. I had seen a real highwayman, and had talked with him, and he spoke like other men, and was habited like a gentleman, and was, I was sure, a man of kind heart, by the way he caressed his daughter and spoke to me. And I felt very sorry for Philip Lisle, and wondered what little Rose would do when they hanged her father, as they would in the end, because Jacob Trusty said so. However, I decided that in that case I would beg my father to let Rose live with us, knowing that she and Lucy would agree well. And I further thought that in that case Philip Lisle would leave me his horse Cæsar, with the two silver pistols and fine saddle, but I did not wish the King's officers to catch him for all that.

Now, while I walked round the garden with my hands in my pockets, I found my fingers clinging round Philip Lisle's guinea, and fell a-wondering what I should do with it. I was very shy of speaking to any one about my two new friends, and I knew that if I showed my money I should have to tell how I had come by it. It was not probable, I knew, that I should be allowed to keep the guinea if my mother knew whence it came. But, though I set no store by money, having no occasion for it, I was not minded to give up my guinea, for Philip Lisle had spoken kindly to me in giving it, and it might be that it really was his own to give. So I went into the house, and found a little leaden box which Jacob Trusty had once bestowed upon me, and I wrapped up the guinea within a sheet of paper, inside which I placed a primrose that Rose Lisle had pinned in my coat that afternoon, and I put the paper in the leaden box, and fetched a spade, and dug a hole in the corner of my own patch of garden, and buried the leaden box two feet deep, and put stones above and below it, and stamped the earth well in, and so hid out of sight the connecting link 'twixt me and Philip Lisle.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BLESSED THOMAS MORE.¹

NO ONE need fear disappointment in Father Bridgett's *Life of Blessed Thomas More*. We have eagerly awaited its publication, our expectations have been of the highest, we have read the book with absorbing interest, and we promise ourselves the pleasure of a quiet and leisurely return to the very varied contents of these delightful pages. Doubts and difficulties here find their solution, errors of long standing are corrected, misjudgments are rectified, and the gracious story is told as it deserves to be told. We English-speaking Catholics have been debtors to Father Bridgett for many a book of sterling value, but we owe him a larger debt of gratitude for the *Life of Blessed Thomas More* than for all he has given us before, including even that which hitherto has ranked as his masterpiece, the *Life of Blessed John Fisher*. The two works have come forth from his pen in their fitting order. Fisher, the more dignified, the model of ecclesiastics, the patron of our education, of our hierarchy, of our work for souls, has come first, and his *Life* was plainly a labour of love to its author. That duty fulfilled, our author has turned unpremeditatedly it would seem to More, and in every page he betrays the affection and sympathy with which his subject has inspired him.

Two things meet in this noble book, the diligence and fairness of the true historian, and the hearty feeling inspired by sympathetic appreciation. Father Bridgett has written a book that will live. Holbein painted More's face and figure, so that we know what his outward look was like; Roper and Stapleton and Harpsfield traced the lineaments of the inner man. Many in recent times have put all these together, with

¹ *Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England and Martyr under Henry the Eighth*. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1891.

varying degrees of success, to which in completeness Miss Drane's skilful pen has approached the nearest. But no one has drawn on all extant sources—including, above all, the letters of Erasmus—before Father Bridgett, and the book before us is the most finished portrait we have of Sir Thomas More, not as the modern fashion is, a piece of mere picturesque word-painting, but put together in the more painstaking old-fashioned way by the careful record of his life. It is not likely that much will come to light that shall add considerably to the knowledge that we thus have of Blessed Thomas More; and it is still less likely that many corrections will be made hereafter in the narrative now before us. It has fallen to Father Bridgett's lot to correct in various points those that have gone before him, and more especially Mr. Seebohm. Our sense of the care and pains, of the soundness and honesty of judgment, brought to bear in the compilation of this book, is such that we are convinced that Father Bridgett's verdict will hold its own unassailed, and be regarded as the last word on our present sources of knowledge.

We gather from Father Bridgett's Preface that his first thought was to content himself with a translation of Stapleton. He was induced, by the number and importance of the documents accessible to us, which were unknown to Stapleton, not to be so easily satisfied, but to devote himself, we are glad to think, to the far more serious labour of composing a new *Life*. Now that we have Father Bridgett's own work in our hands, we see that we could not have done without it. There are very few men who could have threaded their way through such a multitude of books and papers, and have given us this digest of them; and there is probably no one whatever who could have spoken of modern writers with the authority that attaches to all that Father Bridgett writes. He is called upon to express the divergence of his judgment from Catholics on occasion as well as Protestants, and the ancient writers pass under his survey with as sound a criticism as the moderns.

Father Bridgett has taken up the cudgels in behalf of the Martyr's second wife. He acknowledges that "Lady More was evidently one of those good souls to whom respectability is the law of laws," and hence her "tillie, vallie! tillie, vallie!" to her husband in the Tower, which by the way loses its familiar form here as "twittle, twattle! twittle, twattle!" Our author regards as improbable Cresacre More's report that Sir Thomas wooed

Dame Alice for a friend of his and was told by her that he "might speed if he would speak in his own behalf." It seems invented, he thinks, to match the second courtship with the first, and to explain what might seem a somewhat ill-assorted marriage. And he adds that the character of the lady seems to have been gratuitously blackened. In this, as in other points where our old prepossessions differed from Father Bridgett's conclusions, he has carried us with him. There is an ingenuity and a delicacy in his argument in favour of Dame Alice More that are charming. He quotes one of her husband's letters to her, and then he says that the woman to whom such a man as Sir Thomas More could write that letter was not the termagant she has been called. In like manner he vindicates John More, the Martyr's only son, from the fatuity that has been attributed to him, and he shows the absurdity of the story that "Sir Thomas told his wife that she had prayed so long for a boy that she now had one who would be a boy all his life," by pointing out that the boy was less than a year old when his mother died.

The part of the volume to which we have turned with the keenest interest is that in which the relation between Blessed Thomas and Erasmus is traced. Father Bridgett frankly says that he can see no truth in the statement, made by previous Catholic writers, that their friendship waned towards the close of the Martyr's life. The account of the correspondence and the intimacy of the two is given with much fulness, and there is but one occasion in which Father Bridgett speaks of our great Chancellor as going too far in sympathy with the sarcastic Erasmus. The examination of the letters and writings of the two is extremely interesting, and in no case does Father Bridgett's defence of the orthodox spirit of Sir Thomas seem to us to savour of the panegyrist rather than the historian. Opposition to abuses they both express plainly and strongly, but we rise from the perusal of these pages with the unexpected effect on our mind of a kinder feeling towards Erasmus than we ever thought to entertain. That man must have had much good in him who excited and retained so strong and so lasting an affection in such a man as More. Father Bridgett's defence is just, that he wrote without the possibility of foreseeing the use that might subsequently be made of his words. Thus Erasmus defended himself.

This book does splendid service in another way. More's

works in Latin and English are alike unknown to those for whom Father Bridgett writes. As he says, he quotes them as though they were manuscripts in his exclusive possession. The bulk of the book is thereby much increased, but so at the same time is its value. We would not have had a quotation the less. By their help we come to know Blessed Thomas More more thoroughly, and no one can know him too well. The extracts from Latin works and from innumerable Latin letters, are translated for us by Father Bridgett, and he tells us humorously that we thus have Sir Thomas in the same volume speaking in the English of the early part of the sixteenth and in that of the latter part of the nineteenth century. The English of Cresacre More, the Martyr's great-grandson, in his translation of letters, Father Bridgett has been afraid to give, lest we might take it for Sir Thomas's own, or perhaps lest we should have him seem also to use the English of an intermediate date.

Speaking of English, one word we miss. Sir Thomas was warned by the Lieutenant of the Tower not to wear his best apparel at his execution, "as he that would have it was but a javell." Father Bridgett substitutes the word "rascal," its meaning doubtless, but without the ancient flavour.

Mr. Gairdner has written as though he considered that Catholics were not permitted to use a free judgment when writing of those whom the Church teaches them to honour. He forgets that it is precisely those who are in all respects the noblest and best who are thus honoured by the Church. Father Bridgett's new book will show him how admirably a fair historical judgment and thorough affection and religious veneration can be combined in the life of so exceptional a man as Blessed Thomas More.

2.—THE BOOK OF DANIEL.¹

The Book of Daniel has its fascination alike for the student of prophecy, the apologist, and the archæologist, and the needs of each of these classes are met by Father Knabenbauer's latest volume of Commentary, in which he seems to us to surpass himself. In the archæological department he has been able to supplement his own wide reading with the fruits of the labours of his *confrère*, Father Strassmaier, whose first-

¹ *Cursus Sacre Scripture. Commentarius in Daniele Prophetam, Lamentationes, et Baruch.* Auctore Joseph Knabenbauer, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux.

hand researches among the Babylonian remains in the British Museum are so much appreciated by the learned. The reader has thus an excellent guarantee that the historical discussions are based on accurate facts, and not on the superficial conjectures which are often the sole foundations of the historical theorizing one meets with in Old Testament commentaries.

In the critical department we have a capital introductory discussion on the question of authorship; the importance of this question in the present instance having apparently induced the commentator to give it a lengthened consideration, notwithstanding what has been written on this same subject by Father Cornely in the *Special Introduction to the Old Testament*. Non-Catholic critics seem nowadays to have gone over completely to the rationalistic position, and take it as proved beyond dispute that Daniel was not written by the Prophet Daniel, but some four hundred years later in the days of Antiochus Epiphanes. The main argument on which these people rely is the character of the predictions which are alleged to be unusually definite in regard to the period preceding Antiochus, and to correspond easily with the facts, but from that date to become vague and unverifiable. Father Knabenbauer shows that this confident assertion is groundless. Daniel's prophecies are undoubtedly of unusual boldness in committing themselves to sharply-defined particulars in the events predicted, and it is just this which gives them their peculiar value. It is true, in a sense, that prophecy is not history written by anticipation, and no one is more ready to maintain this than Father Knabenbauer. Prophecy has a high moral purpose, and seeks to show the connexion between the course of events and the working out of the Divine principles of action under the guidance of Providence. Any comprehensive setting forth of details would be beside a purpose like this, and accordingly unworthy of the Divine dignity. Still, if prophecy has an evidential function, it must commit itself to some details, since it is in the fact of a correspondence extending into details that the divinity of the prophecy is seen. Father Knabenbauer has often pointed this out before, and points it out again several times in his present work. In fact, the Book of Daniel is a very striking illustration of the correctness of his system of prophetic interpretation, in the light of which its statements are found to fit most satisfactorily into their places. It is not true that the Machabean times mark a dividing line between

the predictions which are definite, and those which are vague. It is indeed true that the predictions relating to events of nearer accomplishment are *more* detailed; that is the invariable rule among the Prophets, and for obvious reasons; since the details of the far-off future were of less consequence and less evidential value to any save those very remote generations for whom subsequent provision could be made, if needed. But the more remote events are predicted with amply *sufficient* details to prove the correspondence to be designed, not fortuitous. And on the other hand, even in regard to the nearer predictions, there is throughout an abstemiousness about details which quite accords with the usual methods of prophecy. We have an illustration of this last point in chapter xi. Here, for the consolation of the generations previous to our Lord's coming, the Prophet sketches out the fates of the Persian and the Greek monarchies. Four kings from Cyrus downwards are indicated, and under the last, *i.e.*, Xerxes, the invasion of Greece, which first brought the Persian and the Greek powers into decisive conflict. This much is stated with great simplicity, and then there is an abrupt transition to Alexander the Great. This is because the intermediate history had no fundamental bearing on the relation between the two great powers. Alexander's invasion and conquest of the East is predicted with the breaking up of his Empire into four parts, and then there follows an account of the conflicts between the Seleucid and the Ptolemaic monarchies, with defined but not excessive details, the ruling motive being to explain the rise of Antiochus Epiphanes to power, and to show how it led to the severe persecution of the Jews under that despot. With chapter xii. the writer, passing over all intermediate history, carries us at once to the final triumph of the people of God, a triumph which the analogy of other passages guides us to identify with the Messianic age taken as a whole, but viewed primarily in its final consummation at the end of the world.

Thus, if chapters xi. and xii. alone were taken, we might have to acknowledge that the events subsequent to Antiochus were set forth in vague generalities, whilst at the same time we should have still to recognize the becoming abstemiousness of the details even as regards the earlier events. But we have no right to take these chapters alone. The accounts of the four successive kingdoms in chapters ii. and vii. are an instance in which correspondence with the events too close to be for-

tuitous, is carried beyond the times of Antiochus; for all attempts to discover any other four kingdoms in the previous age have proved unsuccessful, and the nature of the fourth kingdom answers exactly to the character of the Roman domination. Then there is the predicted relation in point of time and manner between the fourth kingdom and the kingdom of the Messiah, and the assignment of a date to the latter defined with the boldest chronological minuteness in the passage about the seventy weeks. That a Messiah did come during the Roman domination and found a kingdom which overthrew the latter, is a broad historical fact beyond dispute, and that He was expected, and came approximately at the end of sixty-nine weeks of years from the age of Daniel is similarly beyond dispute. This latter certainty may be impugned on the ground that we cannot pass beyond approximation in detecting the correspondence of the dates, but Father Knabenbauer shows that we can obtain even an exact correspondence with the help of a few probable inferences, and more cannot be expected in the absence of fuller chronological records.

These topics, however, are too complicated and wide-reaching to be set forth satisfactorily even in outline in a short notice such as this must be. We must be contented to refer the reader to Father Knabenbauer's pages. There will be some who will be repelled by the mere knowledge of the conservative character of his commentary. Such persons are the victims of a foregone conclusion, and must be left alone. Those who can bring with them an "open mind" as well as a Catholic spirit, will find with delight how much the requirements of the two are in harmony, how readily the contents of Daniel answer to the key of orthodox interpretation, with what violence they need to be treated in the interests of any attempt to divest them of the prophetic character which causes them to be so offensive to the adherents of naturalism.

We have confined our few remarks to the commentary on Daniel, but our readers will have seen by the title that Lamentations and Baruch are included in the same volume, and will find them equally well handled.

3.—LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS.¹

Father Clair has deserved well of the Catholic public. Only last year he gave us a magnificent edition of Ribadeneira's *Life of St. Ignatius de Loyola*, excellently annotated and brilliantly illustrated, and now before many months are past he presents us with a translation of that jewel of spiritual biography, Father Cepari's *Life of St. Aloysius*. Father Faber, of the London Oratory, speaks of it in one of his works with praise that might seem exaggerated, had it not been written by a friend and companion of the Saint, and composed in great part during his life, by one who was a master in the spiritual life, the director of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, and author of a remarkable treatise on *Union with God*. It seems, as Father Clair says in his Preface, that this *precious work has more than once been subjected to the injury of such a translation into French, as seriously altered the character of the work*. Father Clair's translation seems as faithful as to matter as it is modern in style. He has followed the admirable edition of Father Boero, who inserts the proper names, which Cepari naturally omitted out of respect to the modesty of persons who were living at his time. In the third of the three books which treats of the posthumous glories of the Saint, he has left Cepari, whose account was necessarily defective, to follow Boero, who found it advisable to remodel, as well as largely to add to, that portion. With the aid of the Bollandists, Father Clair has nearly re-written the whole of this last part, and he gives some interesting pages about the portraits of the Saint. Strange to say, he says nothing about the newly-discovered portrait by Paul Veronese, of which a beautiful engraving faces the title-page. We observe, too, the absence of any mention of Pius the Ninth's present of the Saint's notes on theological lectures, given by His Holiness on the 21st of June, 1858, to the Collegio Romano; and of a precious lily, silver gilt and jewelled, which he offered on the Saint's shrine in 1861.

In an Appendix Father Clair gives a list of the editions of Cepari, his French translators, and one of original French lives; a chronology of the memoir, and a genealogy of the Gonzaga family. Though this last is exceedingly interesting, one may

¹ *La Vie de Saint Louis de Gonzague d'après Cepari*. Par le P. Charles Clair, S.J. Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1891.

regret that it is not given in the usual manner of a pedigree, as in its present form it is wanting in clearness. But still more, one would have liked to have somewhat fuller details about the family which held so great a place in the history of Europe, by its talents, and by its alliances; and particularly about the immediate circle of Aloysius' relatives. The wild life and tragic death of his brother, Rudolf, though touched so lightly by Cepari, for obvious reasons, serves as a moral foil to his saintly brother, and shows him a true *lilium inter spinas*. The charming letters of Philip the Second to his two little daughters, published by Gachard, cover the life of the Saint in Spain, and add many interesting touches to the picture. Father Schröder, S.J., is, we learn, bringing out an edition of Cepari, richly illustrated, not only by reproductions of portraits and scenes of the life of the Saint, but also by the result of careful research among the Gonzaga archives and those of the Society of Jesus. Let us hope that he will supply the want, and give us a Life with those surroundings, which add so much to its interest, as well as to its value.

Boero gives in his edition of 1862 as many as seventeen letters of St. Aloysius, some few of which Father Clair has given in his excellent notes. We should have been glad to see at least extracts from the two sermons and other works of the Saint, also published by Boero in his Appendix.

As to the illustrations, many, if not all of them, are of great interest. The reproductions of the engravings of Father Wagner, of a bad period of art, and without any pretension to accuracy in costume or surroundings, are the weakest amongst them. The object of Father Clair seems to have been to put before his readers almost every portrait he could procure, rather than to aim at archæological accuracy. We notice that he has not given us the exquisite Holbein belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, representing the Dowager Duchess of Milan, as well as the portrait of the Empress Mary of Austria, which figured so conspicuously in the Tudor Gallery of last year, and both of which have their place in the Saint's life. The portrait of Cardinal Bellarmine is not a good selection, neither is justice done at p. 276 to Legros' masterpiece. But taken as a whole, the illustrations must have cost much pains and long research to bring together.

The whole get-up of the book is admirable, and the head-pieces of the chapters specially deserving of praise. We should

venture to call attention to the name of the engraver which appears as *Wierx*, in his own hand, on the plates, and as *Wierix* in the body of the book. Also Dietrichtstein, given correctly at p. 321, is given as Dietricht at p. 269. Naturally Cepari succumbed hopelessly in his text before so unclassical a Teutonism.

We are glad to hear that the enterprising firm of Messrs. Benziger is shortly to give us in an English dress the *editio princeps* of Cepari's *Life of St. Aloysius*, with the numerous illustrations, erudite notes, and Appendix of Father Schröder. The third centenary of St. Aloysius' death will certainly not be unhonoured, as the publishers are bringing out the *Life* in at least five different languages. Cepari's *Life* exists in English, only in a very early translation of 1637, and that a book of extreme rarity; and in a later edition of 1845, now quite out of print.

4.—THE BLIND APOSTLE.¹

The volume which forms the third series of *Bells of the Sanctuary*, is the last work Miss Kathleen O'Meara completed before the hand of death obliged her to lay aside her pen for ever. It is undoubtedly one of the most attractive of the many beautiful and edifying biographies wherewith she has enriched Catholic literature. The *Life of Mgr. de Ségur*, the first of the two narrated in this volume, is calculated to be exceedingly useful; it affords an example of courage and heroism of the highest order, not the courage that displays itself on a single memorable occasion, or the heroism that performs one grand and noble action, but that which sustains not merely without a murmur, but with unfailing patience and gladness, a terrible and permanent affliction, the total loss of sight. Gaston de Ségur had no thought of entering the priesthood until he was eighteen years of age. Endowed with no ordinary social gifts, and possessed of great artistic talent, he was destined by his father for the diplomatic service, but he gave up the brilliant prospect which the world offered him in order to labour with a zeal and energy rarely equalled in the vineyard of the Lord. The strength and resolution of his character, as well as the fervour and devotion of his soul, is manifested by the petition

¹ *The Blind Apostle, and a Heroine of Charity.* By Kathleen O'Meara. London: Burns and Oates.

he offered up on the day of his first Mass ; he asked our Blessed Lady to obtain for him the infirmity which would be most crucifying to himself without hindering his sacred ministry.

It was not during the first years of his indefatigable apostolic labours amongst the prisoners, the poor, the outcasts of society, that the answer came to this prayer ; it was when he was filling a position of distinction in Rome, enjoying the confidence of the Emperor and the favour of the Pope, honoured, trusted, and perfectly happy, finding time, too, amid his occupations, to use the pencil he handled with so much skill and pleasure, that he suddenly and completely lost the sight of one eye. It was paralysis of the optic nerve, and he knew the other would soon follow. Consequently, he prepared for a state of total blindness by learning to do things with his eyes shut, and committing to memory many Offices, Masses, and other devotions. Rather more than a year later, one day while out walking with his brother, he all at once said : " I am blind." He felt this calamity to be a miraculous response to the prayer of his ordination, and welcomed it with joy. His only sorrow arose from the pain it caused his mother, and all his efforts were directed to consoling her. Out of deference to the wishes of his friends, he tried every means of cure that science could devise, or faith suggest ; but from the first he was himself convinced that it was a crucifixion which would attend him all the remainder of his life. His appreciation of the beauties of nature and love of painting rendered the trial doubly severe. " The Blessed Virgin," he one day said to a friend, " knew well what she was doing when she answered my prayer. I used to wonder how she would contrive to make me suffer most without taking away my faculty for the ministry. She knew my weak point, and deprived me of the only enjoyment compatible with my renunciation of the world and its pleasures."

Far from debarring Mgr. de Ségur from the exercise of his sacred calling, his infirmity seemed to increase his zeal and augment his usefulness. His birth, education, and position seemed to fit him for influencing the upper classes, but he chose to become the Apostle of the poor and ignorant. The sphere of work he loved best was among young artisans and workmen of Paris ; he knew how to win their affections, to interest and instruct them, to inspire them with a love of holy things. The boys of the *Patronage* and apprentices of the rue Grenelle he treated with the kindness of a father ; he called them *mon petit*

peuple, and they were one and all warmly attached to the "blind Bishop." The unbounded influence he gained was mainly owing to the personal interest he took in each; for all he had time and sympathy, genuine sympathy which took pains not only to help them, but please them in trifles apparently unimportant. His great work lay in the confessional. We are told:

At 6 a.m. he would go to the chapel, where he was sure to find a group of penitents waiting for him, chiefly young apprentices, who were obliged to come at that early hour before going to their work. But men of high rank, too, were to be seen kneeling in the dimly-lighted little sanctuary; and big sinners, who came and went mysteriously, encouraged to lay bare their souls to a confessor who could not identify them. As the virtue of his direction became known, the number of his penitents increased, and he was kept in the confessional until ten or eleven o'clock. Three days in the week his afternoon was taken up by penitents, and he spent the whole of Saturday in the confessional. Working-men crowded in all day long. (pp. 79, 80.)

Many other good works were included by Mgr. de Ségur in his apostolate: missions, retreats, conferences; the training of boys for the priesthood; the formation of an association of prayer to oppose the onslaught of Freemasonry and Protestantism, and of a society of priests to revive religion among the dregs of the populace. In addition to all this, the untiring Prelate managed to accomplish a vast amount of literary work. He was accustomed to say that his blindness was the greatest blessing of his life; and this not for its chastening influences on his own soul, but because it helped him wonderfully in the service of souls. Obdurate sinners were often moved to contrition by the pleadings of the blind priest, patient and serene under a trial terrible to nature, who would fix his sightless eyes on them, and hold out his arms to draw them to his heart. It made confession easier too in some cases to those who shrank from exposing their polluted sores to a confessor who could see them. For twenty-six years Mgr. de Ségur continued this life of unremitting activity. On his sixty-first birthday he was attacked by the illness which in less than two months terminated fatally. We cannot refrain from quoting a miraculous incident that occurred in his last hours.

During the night, which was to be his last on earth, Doctor Ingigliardi, who was his spiritual son and very dear to him, was watching by the Bishop's bedside, ministering to him with infinite

tenderness, for the agony had begun, and the body was in sore distress. Suddenly a fierce temptation seized on the young medical man. "Suppose," he thought, "there should be after all no future state, no immortality, no Heaven to reward the life of sacrifice that is ebbing away in pain and strife? Suppose that when the vital principle leaves the poor struggling body, there is nothing beyond but annihilation?" The doubt clutched him like a living force; it was horrible, intolerable. . . . At last, with his eyes fixed on his dying friend, he said, interiorly: "Oh, if there be a hereafter, if there be a Heaven, and you go there, will you not come back and give me some sign that I may believe?" Scarcely had this thought passed through his mind, when Mgr. de Ségur, awaking from the lethargy of death that was already upon him, turned his head towards the young man, and with a great effort said distinctly: "*Believe, my son; believe, my child, believe!*" Then sinking back into the lethargy, he went on with his agony and never spoke again. Only the soul to whom the mysterious words were addressed, understood the meaning of them; but to that soul they were a Divine message of strength and consolation. (p. 145.)

The other memoir following upon this delightful biography, every page of which is replete with interest, is that of Mdlle. Legras, the saintly and devoted lady whose piety and prudence led St. Vincent of Paul to choose her to be the foundress, under him, of the well-known and deservedly well-beloved Sisters of Charity.

5.—MORAL PHILOSOPHY.¹

Father Cathrein is already favourably known as author of several monographs connected with moral and social questions. The volume before us is the first part of his system of moral philosophy. The reader will find it easy, interesting, and very complete. Neither hazy speculation, nor dull phraseology we have to complain of. At the same time the freshness of modern diction in which our author excels, does not lead him astray from the path of sound reasoning. In his Preface he remarks that truth and clear expression of truth are fond of each other like two sisters—*Klarheit und Wahrheit sind Schwestern, die sich wohl vertragen*. The book itself proves fully the truth of this saying.

¹ *Moralphilosophie. Eine wissenschaftliche Darlegung der sittlichen, einschliesslich der rechtlichen Ordnung.* Von Victor Cathrein, S.J. Erster Band: *Allgemeine Moralphilosophie.* Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1890. Pp. xvi. and 522, 8vo.

Another feature by which this work on moral philosophy is distinguished, consists in the intelligent regard its author has for the views of his opponents. We meet in it with a thorough refutation of the most modern errors by which writers on ethical subjects have thrown dust into the eyes of their readers as regards the true standard of morality (cf. pp. 123—217), the right notion of duty (pp. 287—307), the real foundation of rightful claims. (pp. 406—417.)

Now as to the plan of the volume. After a carefully written Introduction in which the province of moral philosophy, its sources and its method are unfolded, the first part falls into eight books. Of these the first two treat of the basis of morality, embracing man's nature and the end and object of his existence. The discussion of these important subjects is adapted to the needs of readers not familiar with anthropology, psychology, natural theology. We call special attention to the solid criticism of Kant's theory of infinite progress in sanctity and happiness. (pp. 95, seq.) Very attractive reading is also the last chapter in the second book on the law of death. (pp. 106, seq.)

As regards the third book, which treats of the standard of morality, two chapters are devoted to the explanation of the notions of morality and of good and evil, whilst the third and fourth are taken up with attacks on wrong moral standards, and the fifth establishes the true supreme principle of morality.

The fourth book expounds the various kinds and springs of moral goodness. Virtue and sin in general, and the cardinal virtues, together with their so-called subjective, integral, and potential parts, are discussed here. We were much pleased with the lucid exposition of the question: In what sense is it true that some virtues, for instance, temperance, meekness, have their seat in the sensitive appetite? (pp. 244—246.) Our author's view on this question may be summed up in these words of St. Thomas, also quoted by him: "Only the will itself or another faculty, inasmuch as it is ruled by the will, can be the subject of a habit deserving the name of virtue in the strict sense of the word."¹

In books v.—vii. inclusive, the notion and reality of natural law, the idea of duty involved in that law, its sanction, its

¹ "Subjectum habitus, qui simpliciter dicitur virtus, non potest esse nisi voluntas vel aliqua potentia, secundum quod est mota a voluntate." (*Sum. Theol.* i. ii. q. 56, a. 3, c.)

qualities, its relation to and distinction from positive law are discussed. After that there follow treatises on conscience, on guilt, and merit.

The eighth book discusses the demands of true justice or what is denoted by the term "right" in the sense of a claim warranted by justice. Our author has here plenty of opportunity to correct wrong modern notions, and he avails himself of it with great skill. (cf. pp. 401—417.) Of his discussions we single out as particularly interesting: the capability of rights to be enforced (pp. 376, seq.); the doctrine on natural rights (pp. 394, seq.); the highly erudite treatise on *jus gentium* (pp. 421, seq.); and the answer to the question, What beings have really *rights*? (pp. 438, seq.) The corollaries drawn from this answer with regard to the much ventilated question about admissibility of *vivisection* are excellent.

To the first volume a large Appendix is added (pp. 449—522), containing abundant evidence, drawn from very trustworthy sources, to show that the substance of the moral precepts contained in the Ten Commandments is known to the heathen tribes both civilized and uncivilized. In an age where agnostics are so fond of picturing the moral sentiments of lower animals as only in degree different from those of "the savages," students of ethics have reason to be grateful to Father Cathrein for the diligent labour he has bestowed upon this beautiful illustration of the teaching of St. Paul that the Gentiles "show the work of the law written in their hearts." (Rom. ii. 15.)

6.—MARY TUDOR.¹

There are probably few English Catholics, even of those who read German, to whom the admirable series of *Ergänzungshefte* to the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, are as well known as they deserve to be. Works of the same high merit in this country are only procurable as substantial volumes in cloth bindings, at a cost proportionate to their imposing exterior. In Germany the modest brochures of which we speak may be obtained for a few marks, and they form a set of monographs upon historical, literary, and social questions which will bear comparison with the work of the most distinguished specialists. Perhaps we have a prejudice in England against cheap books

¹ *Maria die Katholische. Eine Skizze ihres Lebens und ihrer Regierung.* Von A. Zimmermann, S.J. Freiburg, Herder, 1890.

in pamphlet form. That it is not always a reasonable prejudice no reader of this excellent biography can fail to admit.

The series to which the present issue belongs has already produced more than one volume of special interest to English Catholics. No more satisfactory account in moderate compass, of the persecutions under Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, can be found anywhere than in Father Spillmann's three *hefte* entitled *Die Englischen Martyrer*. Excellent also in their way are Father Cathrein's little work on the English Constitution, and Father Baumgartner's study of Longfellow, of which latter we are glad to see that a fresh edition has been published in a new and more attractive form. Father Zimmermann, whose thorough acquaintance with contemporary English literature is witnessed by his many reviews in the *Stimmen* and in the Innsbrucker *Zeitschrift*, has himself previously contributed a capital sketch of our English Universities during the sixteenth century.

Of the book before us it would be small praise to say that it presents the best account of Queen Mary contained in any one existing work. Father Zimmermann has neglected no source of information accessible in published documents, and while the result of his investigations proves to be in substantial agreement with those of Lingard, he has a great advantage over the earlier historian in the amount of fresh material which has been given to the world during the past thirty years. Queen Mary, as seen in these pages, is a most interesting character, not indeed faultless, saddened and to some extent soured by her many misfortunes, but always and before all things a noble Christian princess, who in all womanly qualities may well bear comparison with any sovereign of the same sex who has occupied the English throne. In not a few traits she reminds us strongly of our present Queen, and we can well believe that if Mary's lot had been cast in these happier and more tranquil times, she also might have enjoyed through a reign of fifty years the unswerving love and devotion of her subjects. To the "Bloody Mary" of Foxe and Hume there is absolutely no resemblance. Indeed, we may hope that the cruel fanatic depicted by the popular imagination for three centuries has now disappeared for ever from the pages of respectable history.

Father Zimmermann, in a casual reference to the folio edition of Sir Thomas More's English works, which was

dedicated by the publisher to Queen Mary, makes a remark to which we are glad to give currency. "To the shame of England be it said," he writes, "this extremely scarce volume has never since been reprinted. English Catholics translate a host of shallow and worthless productions from the Italian and French, and leave unheeded the classical works of a More, a Stapleton, and a Persons." There is a great deal of justice in this reproach, though it might perhaps be pleaded that the controversy of More's day is dead, and that his spiritual writings are little more than fragments. Still it does seem a disgrace to our spirit of patriotism that the works of so great a writer and so noble a man as Sir Thomas More, whose homely mother-wit lit up the dreariest of polemics, should not be accessible to his countrymen even in a volume of selections. There was an excellent little duodecimo of this kind published at Baltimore in 1841, but we fear that has long ceased to be obtainable. Let us hope that the interest taken in Catholic England even by foreigners, as well as the admirable example of such native writers as Father Bridgett and Dom Gasquet, may rouse us to a sense of our deficiencies, and a proper appreciation of the treasures we are neglecting.

7.—MUSICA ECCLESIASTICA.¹

Here is an old friend in a new garb, and with a new name. The *Musica Ecclesiastica* is the *Imitation of Christ*: it is in fact, we are told, the name by which the book was called in the author's lifetime. The reason of this name was because the book was written in rhythm, as if the writer had meant it to be sung in plain-song. In the Antwerp Codex of 1441 the lines are rhythmically arranged. The present translation is an attempt, and not an unhappy attempt either, to render the melody in English by means of a corresponding arrangement. The translator, who is anonymous, does not pretend that his translation is "mercilessly literal:" he has "discarded in favour of simple English, theological terms which carry no fixed meaning to the reader." "Lastly," he says, "no passage has been smoothed over, toned down, or omitted, merely to suit the particular tenets of any school in the Christian Church."

¹ *Musica Ecclesiastica: the Imitation of Christ.* By Thomas Kempis. Now for the first time set forth in rhythmic sentences according to the original intention of the Author. With a Preface by the late H. P. Liddon. London: Elliot Stock, 1891.

We are not so sure that there has not been some toning down to suit the tenets of a school outside the Christian Church. Else why this discarding of theological terms, and notably of such a primary term as *charity*? In the chapter on "Nature's Corruption; the Power of the Influence Divine" (p. 283), we are told in a note:

I shrink from using the word "grace" more than I can help; because it contains little or no real meaning to people. Influence, favour, kindness, thanks, a touch from God, beauty, righteousness, power—these are a few of the meanings of the word. The writer uses it in very many senses, and consequently I make bold to translate it in many ways.

Consequently, also, that beautiful chapter is wrecked in this translation, as 1 Cor. xiii. would be wrecked by a similar treatment. This fatal misrendering runs through all the book, e.g. (p. 5):

For if I knew all that is in the world,
And yet were not in charity with men,
What would it profit me before my God?

The original says simply "in charity." The "with men" is an addition. Of course charity means charity with men: but it means charity with God in the first place. Now to have charity with God is to be in "the state of grace," an expression that rings with a meaning full and clear in the ears of every Catholic child that has learnt to prepare itself for Holy Communion.

The particular school outside the Christian Church to which the translator—unwittingly, as we see reason to believe—has allied himself, is the Pantheist school. In the Preface he tells us: "It is quite possible in a few lines to show what is the leading thought of the *Musica Ecclesiastica*." He then proceeds to explain:

Mysticism exists in every century, and in every Church, and, stated in a word, means this: "Works in themselves are nothing; personal communion with God is everything." Eckhard, Suso, and Tauler taught that the first step towards perfection is a purification of the soul from sin; and, when this is done, there follows a complete identification of the soul with God. It is quite a mistake to think that the continual repetition of this thought in the *Church Music* is merely due to the wild transports of the monastic cell: the man who wrote that the soul might even on earth become one with God, meant it—and believed it. Man is God in potentiality, and may by communion with

God regain his first happy state. . . . In so far as it [the *Church Music*] deals with the soul and God alone, it is separated from all creeds. Resting on them, it is above them.

The metaphor perhaps is hardly a happy one: for what *rests on creeds* must surely fall if *separated from all creeds*.

It is easy for a Catholic, with the decrees of the Council of Trent in his hands, turning to Session VI., Of Justification, to see what faith, what creed, what theological doctrine it is, that forms the sure and solid support of the mysticism of Tauler and Thomas Kempis—hardly that of his translator. The doctrine of that Session explains in what sense works are nothing: they are nothing for the gaining of Heaven, unless "done in God" (Sess. 6, can. 26), with and in His grace. At the same time it tells us how works are meritorious, and even necessary, for the just man to perform. Also it declares how the sinner is forgiven, *justified*, and in his justification is also united with God, or *sanctified*, of which sanctification the highest mysticism is but a development, without ever amounting to an identification with God.

It is astonishing how a book with such a Preface came to be furnished with a further Preface and Introduction from a pen like Canon Liddon's. Verily there is a want of sound elementary philosophy in the divines of the Establishment! The similar pantheistic utterances of *Lux Mundi* eke out, and at the same time somewhat tone down our astonishment. Possibly Canon Liddon never read this "Translator's Preface," or had he read it, would have deplored it, as he deplored much of the contents of *Lux Mundi*.

The *Church Music* is so arranged as to furnish a short lecture for every day in the year. The third and fourth books, as we are accustomed to read them, here change places. This is said to be the order in which Thomas Kempis left them.

The translator does not consider himself called upon to discuss the question of authorship. In whatever way we decide it, it is certain that we owe the book in its present form to Thomas Haemmerlein, generally known as Thomas à Kempis. This à should be omitted, for Kempis is an abbreviation of Kempensis, and means "of Kempen."

But does not a *Kempis* mean "of Kempen," too? To one who is already familiar with the *Imitation of Christ*, this rhythmical translation will reveal many new beauties. It is tastefully done, and well done, save for a certain inaptitude in the translator's mind to grasp the full Catholic truth of this

wonderful book. He has still need, as indeed we all have need, to pray in "the voice of the learner."

O most sweet and loving Lord, Whom now I long with loving
thoughts to take to me,
Thou knowest how weak I am, the needs I suffer from,
The evils and vices I lie bound in,
Weighed down how often, tempted, disturbed, befouled :
For remedy I come to Thee,
To Thee I pray for comfort and for help.
I speak to One that knows all things about me,
To Whom my inner life is wholly plain ;
He only can console and fully help me.
Thou knowest what good I need before all other goods,
How poor in character [*sic*, the word is *grace*] I am ;
Asking for grace, I stand, imploring pity,
Naked, a beggar, before Thee.

8.—THROUGH SCANDINAVIA.¹

In the first volume of his *Northern Travels*, Father Baumgartner conducted the reader to Scotland, the Faroe Islands, and the barren shores of Iceland ; in the second volume, now given to the public, he invites us to accompany him on his journeyings through Scandinavia to St. Petersburg. A considerable number of these sketches have already appeared in the pages of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* ; amplified and enlarged with the addition of a great deal of interesting matter hitherto unpublished, they form a handsome volume, the attractiveness of which is enhanced by numerous illustrations. Many of these are the work of the gifted author himself ; he has portrayed with the pencil as well as the pen, the diminutive Lapp and the sturdy Swede, the fisher laden with the spoil of the sea, and the gaily-decked bride with her nuptial crown ; the grand and glorious scenery of fiord and Sound, of snow-capped mountain and sparkling cascade ; the picturesque beauty of fertile valley and smiling lake, besides the architectural wonders of bygone days, and the magnificent buildings of more recent erection.

A trip to Norway is quite the fashion now, and thus the volume before us will be welcome not only to those who

¹ *Nordische Fahrten*. II. Durch Scandinavien nach St. Petersburg. Von Alexander Baumgartner, S.J. Freiburg : Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, 1890.

gain their knowledge of foreign lands from books, but to those who find it pleasurable to revive their reminiscences of what they saw and the experiences they made on their travels. But Father Baumgartner does not content himself with following the beaten track of the ordinary tourist, who spends a brief holiday among a people whose language he cannot understand, and of whose customs he is ignorant, and who only visits the scenes and gazes at the spectacles mentioned in the guide-book as worthy of admiration; from the principal towns he made excursions into the interior of the country, and acquainted himself both with the splendours the face of nature presents, and the life the children of nature lead in the most wild and secluded regions. He slept in the tent of the Lapp, and accepted hospitality in the isolated farm-house; he visited the missionary in his lonely dwelling, and assisted at the marriage festivities of a village couple. Descriptions of the natural features of the countries he passed through, do not, however, engross an undue share of our author's attention; there is a large amount of valuable information to be gathered from his pages respecting the history, ancient and modern, political and ecclesiastical, of Norway, Sweden, and Finland; the changes of Government, and the still more important changes of religion that have taken place; the progress or retrogression in matters of commerce and trade, science, or the arts, in various localities; the decadence of literature in the North, and its subsequent revival at a more recent period. Curious traditions and legends of pre-Christian times, the songs of the ancient skald, the Sagas commemorating the feats of the hardy Norsemen, the exploits of Vikings or of the deities of Scandinavian mythology, are reproduced, some in prose, others in spirited verse, rendering admirably the style and rhythm of the original. The principal celebrities, too, of the different times and different lands, monarch and saint, statesman and warrior, historian, poet, artist, and scientist, all who deserve a place in the Valhalla of the North, find mention in our author's comprehensive pages.

There is only one omission to be remarked in this instructive and entertaining volume of travels: that of a map, whereon to trace Father Baumgartner's journey through the land of the midnight sun, through Sweden and among the islands of the Northern Sea to St. Petersburg, until with regret, we take leave of him in the half-German port of Reval. As a specimen

of the lighter portions of the book we give the following extract :

On arriving at Ostersund, we found a commodious modern hotel. The unsophisticated comfort of Norway was left behind ; amid obsequious bows and ceremonious inquiries our measure was taken, and a number assigned to us. On the left of the capacious vestibule an imposing inscription indicated the dining-room, and a similar one on the right, the *Swiss* or coffee-room. As it was the Swiss who opened the first coffee-houses in Stockholm, the name of the country whence it came has been given to the beverage, and throughout Sweden the word *Schweiz* suggests primarily a more or less good cup of coffee.

In the *Mat-saal* (dining-room) another novelty awaited us. In the centre the long table d'hôte was laid ready for dinner, but with nothing to eat on it, while quite in the background stood a smaller table, covered with dishes of every description. Not a single waiter was to be seen. Behind the buffet sat two fashionably-dressed young ladies, knitting busily. Not the slightest notice did they take of us when we took a turn once or twice, nor when we seated ourselves in expectation at the table. At last we went up to them, to give orders for dinner, whereupon one of the princesses graciously tripped away into the kitchen. The execution of our orders appeared to demand time ; we waited and waited, but no dinner appeared. Presently a gentleman entered, attired as elegantly as if for the ball-room. He bowed gracefully to the presiding genius at the buffet, addressed a few complimentary words to her, cast a sidelong glance at us, and made for the table at the far end of the room. Taking a thin slice of bread, he spread it daintily with butter, with a curve of his hand laid a sardine on the surface, and paced up and down munching contentedly. Then he took a second slice, this time with sausage, drank a tiny glass of rum, and proceeded to prepare a third slice. All at once it occurred to my mind that I had read before commencing my journey, that it was customary in Sweden to whet the appetite before dinner with some enticing relish and a modicum of spirits. This was not done in Norway. No time was to be lost : up I got, and found a superabundance of toothsome condiments ready to hand. Caviare, sardines, salt herrings, sausages, salami, rissoles, game, cold meat, salad, cheese of various kinds, &c., besides brandy and liqueurs, all this only to whet the appetite !

Quinque modis nos gula vitium tentat—"In five ways the vice of gluttony tempts us," I remembered reading in the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. Five ways ! Oh, no, five-and-twenty ways, and far more than that too ! And all set out in so appetizing a manner, arranged on neat little plates, decked out with flowers. The appetite that fails a man here, must indeed be utterly lost. . . . This profusion apart, the custom of taking a "snack" before meals is beneficial, if not necessary, on account of the cold of the climate, to stimulate the digestion before a meal. (p. 287.)

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL is dear to every Catholic heart as the Saint of the poor and the Saint of little children. He has also a special interest as the founder of the Congregation of the Sisters who bear his name, and who have won the universal love of all Protestants as well as Catholics all over the world. The white *corvette* marks its wearer as an angel of peace and consolation. Yet the details of the life of St. Vincent de Paul and the multiplicity of his works of charity, are but little known. We recommend Father Goldie's excellent summary of his Life¹ to all who desire to know how to win Heaven by showing mercy to the poor.

Father Clarke has compiled, and the Catholic Truth Society has published, *A Little Book for Holy Week*,² that we think will be acceptable to most Catholics. It comprises original meditations for every day in the week, and for Easter Sunday, and also some beautiful readings from the works of St. Alphonsus, Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, &c. Many who are too busy at other times to attempt much spirituality have leisure in Holy Week, and will find this compendious little book a suitable aid to their devotion.

Father Hughes, the Pastor of St. Mary's, Fall River, Massachusetts, has published a compact little volume of sermons,³ practical and simple, and full of useful thoughts, just the kind of sermons that are suited to an ordinary congregation. There is in them, moreover, a certain originality that makes them attractive, and a variety of subject that gives a fresh addition to their interest. Among the subjects treated of by Father Hughes are the Mission of the Church, Education, Intemperance, Freemasonry, besides the ordinary duties of Christian Life. There

¹ *Life of St. Vincent de Paul.* By Francis Goldie, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *A Little Book for Holy Week.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *Selected Sermons.* By Rev. Christopher Hughes, Pastor of St. Mary's, Fall River, Massachusetts. New York: Pustet.

is a fine sermon on St. Patrick, and another on the Un canonized Saints of Ireland, in which he draws a vivid picture of all that Ireland has had to suffer for her faith.

Into his *Life of St. Ignatius Loyola*,¹ Father Goldie has managed to compress a mass of interesting information respecting the Saint. He wisely omits all pious reflections and useless rhetoric, and confines himself to facts, and after all, there is nothing like well-chosen facts both for interest and edification. Father Goldie seems to have chosen his facts with judicious discrimination. Perhaps it may be well to warn the reader who might suspect a misprint, that Borja is the Spanish way of spelling the name of the family whom the rest of the world know as Borgia.

Mr. Bulmer's account of the reasons that led him to the Catholic Church² has a special interest from the fact that the various steps onward were traced by him as he made them. They have therefore the character of a series of instantaneous photographs, and represent not the arguments which he regarded as convincing when looking back from the goal at which, through God's mercy, he has arrived, but those which actually convinced him during his period of transition. They are thus of the greatest value to those who are pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and who encounter the difficulties which met him on his quest. The book comprises most of the arguments for the truths of the Church which come prominently before those outside, and thus it is calculated to be of service to all searchers after truth, as well as of interest to all who are interested in any way in controversial subjects.

The Catholic Truth Society has recently issued a 1d. *Mission Prayer Book*,³ which contains all that is generally required for those who attend a mission. It begins with some useful advice respecting the object of a mission and the spirit in which it is attended. It then proceeds to Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, short and suitable Devotions for Confession and Communion, two or three Litanies, the Rosary and Benediction Service, and ends with a series of Good Resolutions. Would that all who attend missions would make and keep these resolutions!

¹ *Life of St. Ignatius Loyola*. By Francis Goldie, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Particulars of an Enquiry into Protestant teachings and Catholic Claims*. By John Bulmer, B.D. Durham: Andrews.

³ *A Mission Prayer Book*. London: Catholic Truth Society.

MAGAZINES.

The *Études* for February is opened by Father Chérot, who writes on Blaise Pascal, who like all men of transcendent genius, little comprehended by the greater part of mankind, is the object of conflicting opinions. His panegyrists form a large majority, and the more temperate and just view taken of his character and casuistry by M. Bertrand in a recent publication, which has suggested the present article, has given rise to much controversy. Father de Salinis gives the last instalment of his highly interesting account of the acquisition by the French of New Caledonia. The gallant Admiral in command of the expedition, after encountering many vicissitudes and perils, brought his conquest of the territory to a happy conclusion, with the aid of the missionaries, shortly before his death. The flag of France and the standard of the Cross were planted there at the same time; the colony has ever since remained true to the Catholic faith. Father Durand has a second paper on the unjust taxation of religious communities. In a former number he informed the reader what the Congregations are made to pay, now he states what they ought to pay. The point he warmly insists on is that the property in mortmain of the communities recognized by the Government is not liable to taxation. The name of Pope John the Eighth heads the discussion of an important chapter in ecclesiastical history opened in the pages of the *Études*. It is inseparably connected with that of the notorious Byzantine Photius, whose struggle with the Papal authority brought about the lamentable schism of the East. Father Lapôte's object is to place in a true light the policy of the Pope, the conciliatory attitude he adopted towards the Patriarch, and the motives that inspired it, which have been for polemical reasons grossly misrepresented. The critical essay on the character and career of Berryer, famous as an orator, politician, jurist, and patriot, is concluded in this issue of the *Études*.

In the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Beissel gives a detailed description of the Holy House of Loreto, and the edifice in which it is enclosed, besides an account of its removal to the site where it now stands, with conclusive proofs of its identity with that of Nazareth. It is proposed in preparation

for the sixth centenary in 1894, to restore and enlarge the basilica surrounding the Holy House, and erect chapels for each European nation. An appeal is made for funds to adorn that one appropriated to the German people. The obituary notice of Freiherr von Franckenstein, whose loss was deeply felt by the Party of the Centre, and regretted even by his political opponents, is concluded. The writer, Father Fah, expresses the hope that others will come forward to take the place of this loyal son of the Church, who lived and laboured to promote the cause of religion and the highest interests of his country. In another article, the false principles are exposed on which is based the system of "undogmatic Christianity," proposed by a Protestant dignitary as a compromise between belief and unbelief. The examination into the probity of Wallenstein's character and conduct is continued; a brief instalment is also given of the essay on the antennæ of Insects, treating of their use as organs of the senses. Father Baumgartner contributes a critique of the *Atlantis*, an epos of great power and merit from the pen of a living Spanish poet. He pronounces it to be the finest work that has enriched Catalonian literature since its revival in the present century.

Interest in English ecclesiastical matters seems to be awake in the writers in the *Katholik*, at any rate subjects referring to them have come to the fore lately in this admirable little periodical. Last month (February) Dr. Bellesheim reviewed the Lincoln judgment in relation to its effect on the spread of Catholicism. He now contributes a good article (first part) on Cardinal Newman while a member of the Anglican Establishment, as portrayed in his letters. The history of English Catholics in the reign of James the First, epitomized from English writers by one of the Jesuit Fathers of Ditton Hall, is concluded in the current number of the *Katholik*. The opening article consists of a brief notice of an exemplary parish-priest, who entered on his eternal rest in the close of last December. For twenty years he laboured unremittingly; primarily for the salvation of souls, and secondarily in the interest of Catholic art. In another paper extreme and systematic intolerance is shown to be the leading principle of the Reformation. The opinions of other heretical sects than their own are condemned almost as emphatically in the utterances of the preachers as is Papistical tyranny; freedom of conscience is a doctrine loudly denounced. The remaining

contents are some useful suggestions as to what should be the aim of the preacher, and a brief discussion of the question as to the number of the Wise Men from the East; the correctness of the traditional number being contested by Protestant archæologists on the strength of some frescoes in the Catacombs.

State intervention in the regulation of labour, on the desirability or non-desirability of which the opinion of economists are divided, forms the subject of an essay in the *Civiltà Cattolica* (976). The reasons on both sides of the question are impartially stated; religion is shown to be the most influential factor in adjusting the differences between capital and labour, but the interference of the civil authority in concord with it is indispensable, since the State is instituted by God to watch over the welfare of society. The exact and ably-written exposition of St. Thomas' system of physics is continued; likewise the biblico-archæological researches concerning the Hittites and their migrations. Curious information is given respecting the bas-reliefs sculptured on the rocks of Pteria, the work of these tribes, representing groups and processions of figures, the symbolic meaning of which are still matter of conjecture to learned Orientalists. The Scientific Notes treat of four very diverse subjects: the place given in printed music to the tenor; the extraordinary cold of the spring season, unexampled in temperate climes within the memory of man, and for which science is at a loss to account; the rain last August in the environs of Diahbekir, a town in Asiatic Turkey of a comestible substance, a species of lichen, strangely recalling the miraculous manna; and finally, of the famous lymph of Professor Koch. The principal article of interest in the following issue of the *Civiltà* (977) is one on the Final Progress of the Revolution. Approaching as we now are to the close of the century which boastfully calls itself the century of progress, as its predecessor entitled itself that of enlightenment, in which under the pretext of greater liberty social order is shaken to its foundations, it is shown what are the fatal results of the Revolution in the different nations of Europe: progress in crime, in vice, in irreligion, which can only lead to an abyss of ruin.

